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NOTES OF THE WEEK

POLITICALLY it has been a holiday week, and except for a local conference here or an obscure congress there, our domestic tin gods and little fishes have been silent. By a lucky chance, the drought of oratory coincided with a few days of summer weather, so that Whitsun this year was doubly blessed.

Professor Cassel, the famous Swedish Economist, has followed Lord D'Abernon in his criticism of monetary policy as a source of our present economic troubles. I have every respect for these great names, but I find it extraordinarily difficult

to agree with their diagnosis that better gold distribution and more credit would cure the greater part of the world's business distress.

It may be admitted at once, of course, that the scramble for gold in New York and Paris has made things worse rather than better; and it would be a point in favour of the Cassel school that unemployment is less in France than in other countries, were it not that in the United States it appears to be greater. Germany is, I think, the only country which answers the D'Abernon-Cassel specification.

The suggestion that more credit is needed appears to be either beside the mark or insuffi-

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ently defined. The world is suffering (or not suffering) from an excess of staple commodities, and an expansion of credit on those productions would simply make the abundance crisis worse.

This particular crisis has been approaching for many years, though its advent has been gradual, and was obscured by the war. But for a long time past the cost of selling goods has mounted, while the cost of producing goods has declined. A moment's thought shows that this means a tendency to excess in supply, which eventually means saturation of demand. What is the sense of producing goods that cannot be sold?

On the other hand, there is this point to the D'Abernon-Cassel theory. Civilization is by no means perfect, and there is much to be said for the view that research and invention will not only improve it socially, but will create fresh wants and eventually a higher standard of living—which ultimately, and after a readjustment of distribution, the world will be able to afford, in view of the apparently permanent surplus and cheapness of staple goods.

But research and invention have to be financed before they are fruitful. The trouble is that in a good many cases they yield scientific but not commercial results, and they are therefore not a banker's risk. If a solution to that problem could be found, there might be some point in extending credit to new ideas which cannot now be financed, whereas the surplus of staple products would only be made worse by an extension of credit.

Few braver things have been done since the world began than Professor Piccard's attempt to fly in a balloon ten miles high; indeed, it seemed at the outset almost like suicide in the name of science—a cause in which, like patriotism and perhaps religion, suicide may be a virtue. We do not yet know the secrets of the upper atmosphere, and it is of both theoretical and practical importance that we should understand the composition of the stratosphere.

It is difficult to understand why the British Legion should be snubbed twice in one week. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral have refused the application of the Legion's headquarters for holding the Tenth Anniversary Service on July 5 in St. Paul's Cathedral; and the B.B.C. decided not to broadcast last Sunday's Legion Service at the Cenotaph. Is this mere coincidence, or an indication that the official opinion of Church and State is beginning to swing against this excellent organization? If so, why?

It would be a mistake to take too seriously the mutual recriminations of certain Catholic and Fascist organizations in Italy. They are, in effect, rather the ground-swell of past troubles than the forerunners of new. The fact is that there are still a number of members of the old Catholic *Partito Popolare* in the various clerical bodies, and they never lose an opportunity of trying to get their own back on their victorious antagonists.

Similarly, there are not a few anti-clericals in the ranks of Fascism, and they do their best to push their leaders into a quarrel with the Church. It is about six of one and half a dozen of the other, and the Pope and Signor Mussolini are not likely to allow their policy of friendship to be affected by a few noisy extremists. In these circumstances, the Press in this country is only barking up the wrong tree if it thinks that a Church and State dispute is on the cards in Italy.

Spain really is an extraordinary country. Freedom of conscience and of the Press having been solemnly proclaimed by the Republican authorities, the latter proceed to celebrate the great event by the expulsion of a prelate and the suppression of the leading newspaper in the Peninsula. Moreover, at least one London daily has had its correspondent's messages censored, and that without the warning that was always given in General Primo de Rivera's time. Such being the case, it is little wonder that the general feeling of insecurity is increasing and that the peseta still falls.

Once more China is presented with two rival Governments, each claiming to be the only true exponent of Nationalism and the will of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. The value of Eugene Chan's denunciation of General Chiang Kai-shek as "a creature to be resisted, fought and destroyed," may be measured by the fact that in May 1927 Chiang himself found precisely such a creature in Eugene Chen, when that gentleman was allied with Moscow's agent Borodin in the Communist Government at Hankow, which Chiang Kai-shek overthrew.

From China's point of view the only practical solution for these wretched quarrels is a system of regional governments linked in a Federated States of China, thus reproducing in republican form the old system of the Vice-royalties, which suits the vast extent of China and which everybody understands. If Nanking would leave Canton to its own devices and concentrate solely on the defence and development of the Yangtze Valley, such prosperity and wealth would develop in that area as would arouse a volume of public feeling throughout China to which hostile politicians elsewhere would be forced to submit.

There is something to be said for the Archbishop of York's suggestion for a change in the hours of Divine Service on Sunday; but I am frankly terrified by the proposal that the sermon should take thirty minutes at least in delivery. Our clergy are good men and upright men, but the average Anglican parson—and the same is true of the average Roman priest—is unequal to a half-hour's discourse once a week.

The objection that the congregation would not sit through a half-hour sermon is not, I think, valid. They would do so if the sermon were good enough, but it seldom is. I do not suggest that it is always the fault of the parson, at least in the towns. The trouble is that he has a mass of petty duties, odd visits and week-day services, which make it impossible for him to find adequate

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time for study and preparation. In this matter the Nonconformist minister is, on the whole, more favourably situated.

While the Americanization of the British film industry has now developed to the point of arousing the attention of the House of Commons, the Americanization of our "legitimate" theatres is lessening. This is indicated by the ending of the American control of the company that owns His Majesty's, the Gaiety, the Adelphi and other London theatres, which now becomes a British undertaking. Financial depression in the United States is the cause of the sale of the American interests, but it is significant that the ownership and control of our film theatres by American concerns is at the same time increasing.

There is one aspect of the Americanization of our film industry that deserves much wider publicity than it has yet received. For some time past, leading American producers have been associating themselves with the making of English pictures, which is all to the good up to a point, since it means the introduction of additional financial and technical resources. But it also means that Hollywood is now getting a grip on the British producing industry, which raises the possibility of its dominating the situation in regard to quota pictures, of which every theatre is required by law to show a prescribed yearly percentage. Under the existing condition of the law, there is nothing to prevent English subsidiaries of American companies from being responsible for the bulk of the quota pictures, to the detriment of genuine British producers.

M. Marinkovich's allusions to Germany's and Austria's responsibility for the outbreak of the war have made a most unfortunate impression in Germany. Regarding the War Guilt question, Germans of all political parties are almost equally sensitive, and references to this subject made at Geneva are apt to be particularly resented. Propaganda in Germany in favour of leaving the League of Nations will be greatly strengthened by M. Marinkovich's remarks.

At the recent election in Oldenburg the National Socialist vote increased from 76,000, polled at the General Election in September 1930, to nearly 98,000. This result is all the more significant as the majority of Herr Hitler's new supporters are small landowners, a conservative element which has until now been averse to political radicalism. In the last Oldenburg Diet the Nazis held 3 seats, whereas they are now by far the strongest party with 19 seats.

These figures speak for themselves and illustrate the danger of exaggerating the importance of temporary set-backs to the Nazis. On the other hand, the fact that the Communists more than doubled their strength, and that the Social Democrats were reduced from 15 to 11 seats in the Diet, shows the advance of radicalism even in the comparatively prosperous country districts, where peasant properties predominate and large estates are almost unknown. The middle parties, it would seem, are losing to both extreme Right and extreme Left.

Events are putting the Australian Constitution to a severe test, and are raising the question, inevitable in all federations, of the relative strength of the Central Government and the constituent States. In Australia, a loose federation, the balance leans clearly towards the States. Mr. Scullin's worst enemies are Mr. Lyons and Mr. Lang. It is Mr. Lyons's popularity in his own State, Tasmania, which has gone far to defeat Labour in the State elections, and Mr. Lang would be negligible but for his power in New South Wales.

Oddy enough, Mr. Scullin defeated Mr. Bruce on this very issue. Mr. Bruce proposed to leave the regulation of wages to the State courts. Mr. Scullin proposed to make the Commonwealth supreme, and is still planning to take referenda on the necessary constitutional amendments. But it is too late for that now, and it is also too late for his proposal to turn the Commonwealth Parliament into a conference of State representatives.

I hear the hope widely expressed in Scottish circles that when the Prince of Wales visits Inverness next month he will find time to lay a wreath on the grave of those who died for Bonnie Prince Charlie at Culloden. There was a good deal of local resentment when Prince Henry was created Baron Culloden, a title that was too reminiscent of the "Butcher" Duke of Cumberland, and the Prince of Wales now has an opportunity to allay it by the exercise of his usual tact.

Blame for the Whipsnade congestion has been put on the Traffic Commissioner for not licensing enough motor-buses. My own opinion, however, is that there were more buses than the narrow approach could accommodate. The trouble was that the zoo was ready and the new by-pass was not, the reason being that while one society could lay out the zoo, three local authorities had to agree about the road. There is something amiss with our unit of local government. The average County Council is too small; the Ministry of Health is too big.

The result is that the new problems of local government are not properly studied, because there is no responsible authority to study them. In this connexion I was shocked to read that the Minister of Health is only now considering a departmental enquiry into the establishment of what house-agents call garden cities and bureaucrats satellite towns. (There is, by the way, a good deal to be said against both names.) The present situation offers an alarming prospect of error and waste. We have, or soon shall have, our town and country plan, but are still without our staff of town and country planners.

In one of Lewis Carroll's Oxford squibs a visitor to Christ Church, on learning that a group of old gentlemen crossing Tom Quad is the governing body, observes: "I see the governing body, but where is the governing mind?" If it is not treason to say so in these days of bureaucratic omnipotence, I sometimes wonder whether the range of the gibe might not be extended from Oxford Colleges to Government Departments.

TRADE AND THE TRUTH

THE Prince of Wales has placed the whole country in his debt both by his visit to Latin America, and by the practical suggestions which he has made since his return regarding the best methods of increasing British export trade to the Spanish-speaking republics and to Brazil. It may be that there has been a tendency on the part of some who were intimately associated with the exhibition at Buenos Aires to view the whole problem from an exclusively Argentinian standpoint, but we understand that steps are being taken to impress upon the British manufacturer the openings which exist in the other States, and we only allude to the matter here for the purpose of reminding our readers that there are valuable markets to be won far beyond the borders of Argentina.

The point is, of course, that not only mighty Brazil, but its neighbours are still in the initial stages of development, and with their enormous potentialities for increase both of production and population there is no reason why British enterprise should not co-operate with these Republics to the mutual profit of both. What is, however, borne in upon us more than anything else in this connexion is that if full advantage is to be taken of the commercial potentialities, not only of America, but of the other continents as well, a very drastic reorganization of our national methods of salesmanship is an essential preliminary.

It is useless to put all the blame for the decline in export trade on the slump and world-causes. So long as firms which produce the same commodity refuse, as many of them are still refusing, to co-operate in the employment of representatives abroad, the foreigner, who does so co-operate, will have them at a disadvantage. A British agent too often crosses the sea representing half a dozen firms and the same number of commodities, with the result that he is imperfectly acquainted with the articles for which he is endeavouring to book orders. It would be far better if he were the representative of half a dozen firms that sold the same thing, on which he could then speak with authority; but it appears that sooner than work in conjunction with their competitors at home a great many British manufacturers would rather leave the field in favour of their foreign rivals.

Then, again, our fellow-countrymen are too inclined to produce the type of article that they think the customer should have rather than that which the latter really wants. We read, for instance, that it is unlikely in the extreme that the Buenos Aires Exhibition will result in an increased demand for British motor-cars for the reasons that those shown there were of low horsepower, and were too sombrely painted to suit Argentinian taste. In short, because of the basis of motor taxation in this country, and because Balham does not want to look too gaudy when it takes a trip down to Brighton, British motor-cars cannot be sold in Argentina, where, incidentally, we are further informed that there is not a single agent for British cars outside the capital itself. The enormous sale throughout Latin America of

Fords, Fiats and Citroëns is due to a study of conditions in the places where they are to be sold, not where they are manufactured.

At the same time it is unfortunately true that the British manufacturer does not receive the same amount of assistance from his own Government that the American, Italian, and German has at his disposal. The complaints of the aloofness of His Britannic Majesty's representatives are too frequent not to be well founded. Only the other day we were told, on unimpeachable authority, of a British diplomat who was about to give an address on trade openings, and who asked his chairman, by way of introduction, to announce, not his qualifications as a lecturer upon this particular subject, but the fact that he had been educated at a certain famous school and university. This gentleman, no doubt, is an exception, but we fear he is not unique.

In sober truth, British ambassadors and ministers are, with a few notable exceptions such as Sir Malcolm Robertson, far too inclined to devote themselves to the high society of the countries to which they are accredited, and to regard commerce as a matter beneath their notice. France possesses the finest diplomats in the world, but they never make this mistake.

The consuls, of course, are supposed to provide a remedy for this state of affairs, but singularly few business-men are prepared to say that the consular service has been of much help to them, or the Department of Overseas Trade either, for that matter. The consul is generally regarded, and not infrequently treated, as an inferior being, a sort of "missing link" between an ordinary man and a professional diplomat, by his ambassadorial and ministerial superiors, and his usefulness is impaired as a result. Yet it should be the consuls' business to discover every opening for the sale of British goods, and not to confine their activities to bills of lading, the celebration of matrimonial rites, and the preparation of reports more suited to an encyclopædia than to the desk of the manufacturer looking for a fresh market. The consular service should be the intelligence department of British commerce, not its statistical bureau or historian.

Circumstances have changed since the day when this country's commercial supremacy was unquestioned, and if that supremacy is to be regained, British methods must be changed too. For our own part, we should like to see the diplomatic and consular services amalgamated, as has been done in Italy and Germany, for we believe that in this way the British representatives abroad would be brought into closer contact with commercial affairs.

Furthermore, firms selling the same class of goods should sink their private differences for the sake of the industry to which they all belong; and last, but by no means least, the Government must erect a tariff wall behind which they can, like their rivals, manufacture in security. When all this has been done, we have no doubt that the export trade of Great Britain will recover from its present depression.

LAW AND THE LAW-BREAKER

THE Criminal Statistics for 1929 recently issued are unpleasant reading, nor are they rendered more agreeable by the facile excuse of the Home Office that the great increase in crime is due to the trade depression. It used to be the war, it is now unemployment, and when trade revives no doubt it will be something equally satisfying to the official mind. These excuses, of course, are not quite groundless; but it would be well if officialdom looked a little nearer home and began to put its own house in order. One patent cause of the increase in crime is the defective guardianship which makes crime easy and profitable. The Home Office must know perfectly well that far too many of our police are engaged on other than their primary business—the protection of life and property. Leaving traffic regulation on one side, there remains a mass of petty spying and instigating that withdraws a considerable number of officers from their proper duty. Here, then, we come upon one of the main reasons why crime is increasing—the contempt in which the Law itself is beginning to be held.

An uncomfortably large number of brutal murderers are at large. Smash and grab is becoming so common that its practitioners are getting into the fashion columns. Burglary is common, with violence, if the burglar finds it necessary. Post offices are held up in daylight, and mail bags lifted under the noses of their guardians. Faction fights are frequent in the rougher neighbourhoods and are creeping westward by way of Soho. Blackmailers swarm, and theatreland at eleven p.m. is haunted by pick-pockets. And the law looks on helplessly.

But if it lags behind where it is wanted, it is frantically busy where it is not wanted. Sweepstakes, Sunday closing, lotteries, betting, *al fresco* flirtation, drinking after hours, engage its prowess and its learning. Ordinary citizens who at least appear to be respectable and honest are called rogues and vagabonds and fined for selling Irish Sweepstake tickets. The Law is hag-ridden by the smug and the hypocrite, and a senile provincialism

hangs over it like a blight. Crime is on the increase! Of course it is, but let us beware lest presently the question is asked: "What is crime?"

The law needs for its enforcement a magistracy and a constabulary; but it needs even more the respect of the respectable; and when it loses that here as it has lost it in America, we shall see what America has seen. It is not true that we should all be law-breakers were it not for the fear of detection and punishment. On the contrary it is the fact that law everywhere is but the long growth of a communal determination that the community shall enjoy and enforce the peace. But laws that have not this sanction at the back of them are cancers in the body politic, and at the moment this country is full of such laws. We pride ourselves on being a law-abiding people, but there are laws that we cannot abide and do not abide by. Therein lies the danger. If it so pleases us we gamble and buy drink and chocolates during forbidden hours, and no one whose opinion is worth a rap thinks any the worse of man or woman for doing so. An admonition from a bench, however lofty, is counted but a tiresome and senile impertinence, and our young people just entering this maladministered world are noting the fact. The law that is negligible in one respect is apt to become negligible in others.

Two-thirds of the criminals convicted in 1929 were under thirty, nearly half were under twenty-one. Here clearly we are not dealing with ex-soldiers living dangerously at the expense of a country that broke its promises. Nor are we dealing with a body of men who have known the blessing of regular employment. One does not need to be a prophet to foresee that the statistics of 1930 will be worse than the statistics of 1929, and probably more youthful still. Youth at the moment is insurgent, and intends to be served. It is not more naturally criminal now than at any other period; but it is considerably more alive to facts and much less inclined to be fobbed off with pretences. If we wish it to respect the law, we shall have to enforce the laws that are respectable and repeal the laws that are contemptible.

IS KING WILLOW DETHRONED?

IT has scarcely ceased to be indecent to write openly about the declining interest in cricket. Indeed, candour would hardly be possible even now but for the pessimism of the nation's mood. But England now boasts openly that she is not what she was, and cricket shares her eclipse. When the century dawned it held a unique position as the national game, and there must still be plenty of Englishmen not yet venerable whose first associations with the words "The Doctor" are quite unconnected with medicine bottles. But cricket was more than the national game. It was the epitome of the nation's ethics. To say that a thing was not cricket was to pass a final sentence of moral condemnation.

The fashion in sport has changed, and the causes of the change will attract the attention of historians. They can hardly fail to notice the

contrast between sport and life in Victorian England. Life was individualistic, and self-help ranked high among the virtues. But in sport, by way of compensation, the team-spirit prevailed, and at cricket, in particular, a boy was taught to play for his side. To-day, it would appear, conditions are reversed. Life is becoming more and more a collective activity and, again by way of compensation, the individualistic games, golf and tennis, stand high in popular favour.

Really, however, the position is not so simple. Football, like cricket, is a team-game, but its popularity has waxed rather than waned. Alone in its rise, cricket is equally alone in its fall, and it is worth asking what causes operated first to raise cricket to the heights and afterwards to rob it of its prestige. The history of the game is peculiar. In the late eighteenth century it was

not merely a game but a gamble. The Regency spirit was over it. A sporting duke matched his team against another nobleman's for 1,000 guineas, and probably laid ample side bets as well. The sport, still a novelty, was associated with high stakes, and it is at first sight curious that when the rising middle-class began to set the tone of English society they did not extinguish it along with high play at cards.

What saved it was its connexion with the countryside. The patrons might be London noblemen, but the players came from the soil, and the matches played on Mr. Lord's field were rehearsed on village greens. Cricket was, indeed, the last achievement of the old England before the industrial revolution. For that reason the country-folk took it with them when they drifted into the new urban centres. It was not part of their inheritance, or it would have been discarded with the rest. It was largely their own creation, and as such migrated with them, and like them suffered a town change.

By the 'sixties it had come to reflect their transformed quality. First and foremost it had become a town game. The great cricket grounds were all in the towns, constructed to accommodate town crowds, though their great stretch of grass might appeal to some dim memory of the lost country life. Secondly, the game had become middle-class. It was so organized as exactly to mirror the social conceptions of the time with their stress on equality in theory combined with the maintenance of class distinctions in practice. All the team took part in the game, but its members left the pavilion by different gates and had their names printed differently on the scorecards. Moreover, by what must have seemed a provision of nature, it was usually the gentlemen (or amateurs) who batted and the players (or professionals) who bowled. There were exceptions, of course, but they proved the rule. Arthur Shrewsbury was definitely a lesser light than the Doctor. There was nothing democratic about the game and it is democracy that has exalted Hobbs.

Particularly undemocratic was the grouping of cricketers by counties, at a time when "the county" retained a not unpleasant feudal flavour. The supporters of Victorian cricket were not county families, but it was part of the game to behave as if they were. Lancashire and Yorkshire sounded so much more genteel than Manchester and Leeds. It is precisely this county organization which now weakens the hold of the game on the popular mind. The factory-hand does not think in terms of counties. His town is his world and he has developed a crude but vigorous civic patriotism. His football team is of his town, and even of a part of his town; therefore it is just the thing for him and commands his permanent enthusiasm whereas his county's cricket only stirs his interest when an exceptionally attractive fixture is in progress. National cricket, however, is a different matter. He is concerned to know how England fares against Australia, whereas his interest in Association football is purely local and a League match is more important than an international.

Another disadvantage under which county cricket labours is that our people are reverting to eighteenth-century ideas and like to bet on the sports which they watch. But it is difficult to bet on a county match. For one thing it lasts three days, which is too long for a wager. For another, the weather introduces a variable factor and so prohibits that pseudo-scientific calculation of odds to which betting owes a good deal of its fascination.

Accordingly, cricket is falling out of the picture. There are those who would restore it to its place by giving it a melodramatic quality to suit a taste moulded by the fast-motion of "the flicks," modern lawn tennis, and the motor-bike. If these reformers have their way we may live to see four innings played in an afternoon. The M.C.C. would still call it cricket, no doubt, but the Grace brothers in the shades would realize that King Willow had abdicated.

THE TOWN-BRED REFORMER AND THE LAND

BY THE MARQUESS OF TAVISTOCK

WHETHER it be because there is a measure of truth in the idea that town wits are sharper than country ones, or whether it be simply because the bulk of the population of Great Britain dwell in urban districts, the great majority of keen social reformers among men of the less wealthy classes have little or no experience of country life. Many of these reformers possess an exceedingly shrewd and able judgment on matters of which they have personal experience, but I have noticed that on the question of land reform they are decidedly too ready to rush in where angels fear to tread.

The town-bred man, looking out of the window of a railway carriage, observes in many districts little villages, fields empty of cattle, and even—O horrors!—land apparently devoted to the rearing of game for the idle rich. "These farmers," says he, "do not know their business. Under a proper system, if the land belonged to the people, far better use could be made of it. Why all this talk about emigration? There is land enough and to spare for every family in the country to live in prosperity and comfort."

Now no sane person would contend that every acre of land is at present being put to the best possible use, nor would he attempt to deny that there are unprogressive farmers content, among other things, to keep a class of cattle that anyone with half an eye for stock can see are money-losers rather than money-makers. But unfortunately it is not only the bad farmer who is often faced with ruin in these days: the progressive and intelligent man may be in the same boat, and there are certain hard facts which even the nationalization of the land would not be able to overcome. They may be grouped under two main headings—Foreign Competition and Cattle Disease.

The last century has witnessed an amazing development in the cheap, rapid and efficient transport of all kinds of agricultural products from remote parts of the world. This development no enlightened social reformer would, on balance, regret: it is for the world's general good that those articles which mankind needs should be produced in those regions where they can be produced most easily: only the purblind jingo, with his eye on the next war, still strives to make

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England self-supporting. But whereas the cheap and easy importation of corn and meat from abroad is of inestimable value to the consumer, it does bring poor old British agriculture into a very grim and unfair competition with more fortunate regions, and will continue to do so whoever owns the land.

A large percentage of our soil is of very moderate fertility and will only produce good crops when receiving heavy dressings of expensive manure. Such land cannot compete with more fertile or with virgin soil. The English climate is proverbially fickle: you can never tell when (if ever) the spring is going to arrive, and you not infrequently get a wet harvest. Agriculture in such a climate is grievously handicapped in competition with countries where the weather is much more regular, and the harvest is always fine. In Great Britain, too, we have a long winter and a late spring, during which cattle have to receive a quantity of artificial food expensive to grow or buy, if they are to keep their condition for milk or meat. A country where the cattle require months of hand-feeding on corn and cake cannot compete with tropical and sub-tropical lands, where there is much less seasonal food shortage for grazing beasts and where they require far fewer buildings to shelter them. Secondly, there is the serious problem of cattle disease. People who have never kept any other domestic animal than a dog or cat are apt to have little idea of the sinister meaning of the two words "stale ground."

All our important farm animals—cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry—are unhappily liable, not merely to one or two, but to quite a large number of serious diseases due to parasitic worms and microbes. The majority of these pests find lodgment in the soil and gain entrance to the animal's system as it is feeding on the grass, and to rid the land of them is an extraordinarily difficult and expensive task. Many a pasture that looks so fair to the eye may be a hotbed of the incurable Johne's disease, or of tuberculosis or gapes, or liver-fluke. Great Britain, by reason of the dampness of its climate, is especially the favoured home of the parasitic worm. Worms need moisture, and are rarer in dry and sunny climates, and they are among the deadliest enemies to livestock. It is true that tropical countries also have their cattle diseases, some being of a very serious nature, but, on the whole, there are a higher percentage that yield readily to inoculation or dipping, and, owing to the greater amount of land available, it is easier to give animals a change of pasture.

Many years ago a nonsensical outcry was raised, largely for political purposes, against Scottish deer forests, it being claimed that valuable agricultural land was being commandeered for sport. I can testify with the utmost conviction that the soil and climate of the

mountain and moorland districts of Scotland are, in the main, utterly unfit for agriculture. The soil is a sour and water-logged peat, mixed with rocks, which it would cost a fortune to reclaim. The climate is enough to break any farmer's heart. Even in the comparatively mild South-West I have seen severe frost in the first week in June, and the ash trees still as bare as in winter. Corn is seldom ripe before October and the autumn is usually wet. Sheep of a kind can be kept after a fashion, but it is an uncertain game. The poor old sheep whose wild ancestor inhabits the dry and sunny mountains of Corsica is hard put to it in a land of constant rain, and the mortality, even among the hardy-faced breed, is apt to be tremendous.

A newcomer, taking up a moorland fen, would find to his surprise that he had to pay for a ewe on the ground four or five times what the same sheep would fetch in the local market. The reason is this: sheep here have an "acclimatization value." In other words, the breeding ewes on the farms are the survivors in a long and bitter struggle with the adverse climate and sheep parasites and microbes of the locality. Buy in the market a flock of sheep of the same breed from another district and turn them on the ground, and at the end of twelve months not one in ten might survive.

In old days, it is true, a larger agricultural population existed in some of the wilder parts of Scotland, but their standard of life was such that no Socialist worthy of the name could to-day tolerate for his fellow-men; their summer customs rendered the education of their children an impossibility; and they not infrequently supplemented their scanty resources by raiding their lowland neighbours.

I am sometimes asked what prospects there are for the smallholder. Smallholdings can succeed, but they need a combination of several circumstances, and the absence, even of one, is likely to spell ruin. The smallholder must possess a certain amount of capital; his land must be fertile and reasonably free from cattle and poultry disease; he must be exceptionally industrious and progressive in his ideas; he must be a good co-operator and have neighbours who also possess this virtue, so rare in British agriculturists; and lastly, he must have a good market for his produce and good means of communication.

These opinions do not indicate that there is no future for British agriculture. I should be very sorry indeed to be guilty of an expression of such utter pessimism. But wiser heads than mine do not at present see the way clearly to better things, and I would plead with friends who have no experience of country life to be careful to understand essential factors before they prescribe a remedy or criticize too freely those whom they hold responsible for existing troubles.

AS TO THESE LOTTERIES

By J. O. P. BLAND

I wonder often what the Free State buys
One half so precious as the stuff it sells.

SOME ten days before the drawing of the Dublin Sweep for the Grand National, I came across a fellow-member of my Club—a Scotch lawyer at that—who, looking out on the rain-swept pavements of St. James's, cheerfully announced that he and his family were on their way to Venice. When I asked him how, in these hard times, he could afford such joy-rides to the sea, he dug me playfully in the ribs and said, "Oh, that's all right. I've got two tickets in the Irish Sweep." A month later I met him again, cheerful as ever. "Had he drawn a winning number? Well, no, he hadn't, but, damme, he had had his fun, and Snowden could pay for it out of his death duties."

Yesterday, making my way down Regent Street, I discovered a lady of my acquaintance, one of the nice new poor, lost in contemplation of certain hats and gowns which, even to my unpractised eye, were manifestly beyond the range of her budget. "Lead us not into temptation," said I, over her shoulder, unannounced. "You are all wrong," said she. "I was only wondering which I'll buy when I've won the Irish Sweep. You've no idea of the amount of fun I've got out of these windows, ever since Jim gave me a ticket. Didn't dare look at 'em before." The lady, you will observe, gets her fun cheaper and more subjectively than the lawyer; he buys memories, she buys dreams.

If it is in one's nature to speculate on the why and whenceness of familiar things, little incidents such as these set one to wondering how it came about that

Lord Lyttelton and others of his way of thinking were able to persuade the British Parliament and people a hundred years ago to prohibit lotteries as common nuisances. Also, seeing that a National Lottery was approved by that austere virtuous assembly, the American Congress of 1776, how comes it that the modern American conscience, a good deal more sophisticated than that of Jefferson's day, includes lotteries with liquor in its list of forbidden joys? Widening our field of speculation, why is it that lotteries have become an offence against public morality in the Anglo-Saxon countries, in Germany, Sweden and Belgium, and yet are no such thing among the Latins, in Spain, Denmark and Holland? To all of which questions, the simplest answer is, no doubt, that it is with little wisdom that this world is governed.

Without going farther afield, however, there is matter enough for cogitation in the present attitude of our Home Office, and the public opinion which it is supposed to represent, towards lotteries in general and that of the Irish Free State in particular. Making all due allowance for the fact that the wisdom of governments diminishes as the number of its electors increases, this attitude is curiously lacking in that consistency of moral purpose to which all who speak to, or for Demos, lay claim. A Parliament which declines, on grounds of public morality, to countenance national lotteries, while drawing revenue from the drink traffic, and taking toll from public gambling on horses and dogs, is guilty of muddled thinking, or hypocrisy, or both. Its position is as pontifically absurd as when it insists on preaching Free Trade to a world bristling with hostile tariffs. If Mr. Snowden and his Fabians were alone concerned, this purblind refusal to direct national proclivities into channels of national usefulness would be intelligible; your dogged doctrinaire is impervious to logic. But the trouble is, by no means confined to these ploughers of the sands of yester-year. Since the days of Burke and Pitt it has gradually come to be an article of faith with all political parties alike, that lotteries are an evil against which "children, servants and other unwary persons" must be carefully protected by the State; and for the purposes of the Act, we must all come under one or other of these categories. It would seem as if this article of faith embodies a conviction which gradually impressed itself upon the public mind, coincident with the beginnings of manufacturing industrialism, towards the close of the eighteenth century, assuming form and force with the mighty growth from those beginnings; a new conception of civic virtue, adapted to the needs of a new social system, based on cheap and thrifty labour. Something of the kind must surely have occurred, shortly after Watt and Hargreaves and Arkwright had ushered in the dawn of the Machine Era, for from 1709 until 1824 Parliament had cheerfully sanctioned public lotteries for many useful purposes, including those of the Exchequer. It is, I think, permissible to assume that, with the natural reaction of sentiment and the decline of virility after the Napoleonic wars, there sprang up in our midst, like mushrooms, a crop of moral highbrows of the killjoy breed, the kind that, in early Victorian days, drove smugly to chapel through slums of sweated labour and subscribed to send missionaries to the South Seas; the Nonconformist type, that is never contented unless compelling others to conform, the "unco guid," who

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to,

the insufferably virtuous ones, who would have us forswear cakes and ale. It is a breed whose mind regards all things that make for jouissance and good cheer, all that can gladden a man's eye, or tickle his palate, as things to be rigidly suppressed. Your Puritan, as Macaulay puts it, hates bear-baiting, not because it gives pain to the bear, but because it gives

pleasure to the spectators. In the same spirit, our political Pecksniffs have set their faces against lotteries.

And yet, if our legislators could but see it, this little green ticket supplies a remedy for some of the insidious evils of "this strange disease of modern life," and one, moreover, to which the normal man resorts instinctively all the world over. For it provides him with a tonic of hope, the stuff that dreams are made of, hope of a kind that not all his piety nor his wit could supply, of escaping from the ruts and fixed routine of rigidly imposed circumstances, bringing within his range of possibilities, visions of relief from the monotony of a machine-driven, machine-fed existence.

To the speculative eye, each of these little slips of paper is a magic carpet, upon which every man, soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, may, for the modest sum of ten shillings, transport himself to the land of heart's desire and there disport himself with great content. Where, in all the world of shops, can man or woman get better value for ten shillings? If, with the blessing of the Inland Revenue, they spend it on the movies, or backing a horse, or buying five-sixths of a bottle of gin, their satisfaction is short-lived and dreary as compared with the splendid dreams and visions of Enchanted Isles which even the least imaginative may buy with a Free State lottery ticket. Granted that all these dreams are traceable to mankind's elemental impulse of acquisitiveness, based on the sordid instinct to which the crafty politician appeals when he offers us ninepence for fourpence; granted if you will that the lottery habit may induce neglect of the sober (and supremely dull) virtue of thrift: can anyone deny that the Dublin Sweep is actually bringing far more joy-matter into a hundred thousand humdrum homes than they could get out of all the Savings Banks in the kingdom? And this, mark you, quite apart from the fact that, thanks to Socialism in our time, thrift has become the last infirmity of weak minds.

Putting the matter in its simplest form, if we assume that half a million tickets are sold in this country for the Derby Sweep, it means that, at a cost of £250,000, the minds of one or two million people, at a time of clotted depression, are kept happily diverted during some months or weeks from the narrow things of home, kept busy with schemes and dreams which, however remote, are no more fantastically impossible than those with which they are deluded by those who should know better. And if we give the thing its proper name and describe it as a pastime, less demoralizing than many of the ordinary forms of indulgence that are blessed by Church and State, why, in the name of freedom, should Demos not spend his pocket-money as he chooses? I, for one, would far rather finance my building of dream-castles and my joyrides with a lottery ticket than by speculating on the vagaries of next year's Budget or the passing of an aged spinster aunt.

MUSIC

BY IAN G. COLVIN

AS the minstrel plucked his strings,
The craggy faces,
Red with wine, and harsh with flickering shade,
Grew softer, more serene,
And upon the boisterous scene
Stole a stillness which the music made.

As the minstrel plays and sings,
From shadowy places
Into the firelight listeners creep and glower;
For the melody brings
An echoing of things
Forgotten . . . Silent now the night,
Save for the sad wind moaning in the tower.

THE NEW SUBMERGED TENTH—II

BY R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

IN my article last week I endeavoured to show that the main tasks of civilization in the past have been carried out by men who might be described, at least during the period of their success, as members of the middle class. The question now arises whether that class has any claim to-day to retain its privileges, or whether the time has not arrived when current conceptions of justice require it to be so depressed by taxation that it would cease to be distinguishable, in wealth or status, from the poorer classes of the community.

I need hardly say that, as one living in the fourth decade of the twentieth century, I am all in favour of providing the widest possible facilities for the emergence of talent wherever it exists. In the past there has been a terrible waste of reserve ability and probably genius through the inability of poor boys and girls to get the necessary education, or to rise above the meagre conditions of life in which they were born, or to find leisure, under the hard conditions of manual work, to cultivate their talents.

But to say this is at once to admit the need of a state of life under which such talents might have been cultivated, or into which promising persons may be moved. Nothing short of a middle-class standard affords good enough conditions. Provision for health during childhood is one of them. Education is another. Freedom from excessive menial toil is a third. The last implies a certain amount of leisure, and suggests facilities for easy intercourse with other persons having the same intellectual tastes. Books are an obvious necessity; and many will require power of access to theatres, concerts or lectures. The denial of opportunities for travel would be a serious hindrance to a wide understanding of life. There are many other privileges necessary or desirable to a career of higher accomplishment, but I have mentioned enough to indicate a standard of living distinctly above that of the present-day working classes.

But how, it will be objected, can such a standard be maintained without injustice to the majority? I do not think any adequate answer can be given unless we are ready to agree that this is the least standard consistent with a civilized life; that it ought to be the avowed aim of every social reformer to raise the condition of the working classes till this—the middle-class standard—is theirs also. If nothing less is compatible with freedom of mind, an understanding outlook upon life, and a capacity for rational enjoyment, then no country can claim to be highly civilized which has not extended these benefits, by proper organization, to the whole community.

But we certainly have not yet reached that state of civilization. And the question arises whether, in the long interval before its arrival, we have any right to attempt to maintain this civilized standard for about one-tenth of the community when it is denied to nine-tenths. Why should the doctor, the lawyer, the professor, the civil servant, the novelist enjoy access and privileges which are denied to the miner, the railway porter, the bus-conductor? Why should not his income be so taxed that his privilege is destroyed?

It is, after all, a question of expediency rather than divine justice. All will admit that if a doctor had to clean out his own consulting room and light the kitchen fire for his wife-housekeeper, he could not give adequate attention to his profession. If a novelist had no opportunity for reading books and acquainting himself with the world, he would be handicapped in his work as a novelist. But it is more than a question of the division of labour. It is an important fact that

the middle-classes are assuming certain responsibilities which at the present time the State is not prepared to assume. They are rendering certain services which no one would render if they did not step into the breach.

For example, the average middle-class parent makes the health of young children a first care. In all classes this ought to be equally possible, but it is not. Is it desirable to depress his status to the point when he will no longer possess this desirable power? Again, the average middle-class parent regards it as incumbent on him to give his children a good school education and perhaps a University education. These opportunities should be open to all. But they are not. Is it desirable to remove this power from a class which is still just able to exercise it?

The point comes to this. If we assume that a certain standard of living is desirable for the whole community, and is the necessary condition of a civilized life, is it not in the interests of the State as a whole that that standard should be kept intact wherever it is possible? If that is the ideal for all, is it not necessary to foster its maintenance wherever it is already realized, and jealously guard against its extinction? It is true, the majority will always tend to overlook the responsibilities which the middle classes carry, and think only of their incomes, forgetting what those incomes have to be used for. In the nature of things a half-educated majority cannot fairly estimate the value of science and art, of judgment, clear thinking, or things of the mind which can only be freely pursued by those who have some leisure and some privilege. They cannot be expected to take the minority view. They must attack it. They are attacking it. They are even able to find an intelligent man like Mr. Snowden to voice their majority prejudice and to batter down the weak defences of that tenth of the community which hitherto has fought for and maintained a civilized standard.

If the attackers continue to pursue their present methods, redistributing the wealth of the country by taxing the middle classes out of existence, lowering the standards of living of all to the standards of the majority, the results in the course of a generation or so are not hard to foresee. Dr. William Whetham, in a book which he wrote some years ago, 'Science and the Human Mind,' foreshadowed the nature of the impending disaster:

It is possible [he wrote] that danger to science as to society lies ahead. The dominance of the Universalist Roman Church nearly stifled the incipient science of the Northern race at the Renaissance; the dominance of the Universal proletariat, which some dread and others acclaim—a proletariat not dissimilar in race to the Southern rulers of the Roman Church—may threaten in the future the freedom of enquiry, the fearless exercise of reason, the full development of personality that form the life-blood of the Northern race and its scientific achievement. The Roman Church saw its dogmas threatened by the new learning, and invoked torture and stake in an attempt to consolidate its forces. . . . The reign of ignorance and prejudice may yet again descend as a devastating blight on the human mind.

More refined methods of coercion to-day are used than those of torture and the stake. But they are not less effective. They may serve to eliminate the class whose existence in our midst is the sole guarantee for the survival of science and the preservation of intellectual integrity. If the middle classes, in the struggle which has begun, prove incapable of combined action and co-operative use of their supreme intellectual power, they must be prepared to see the citadel rushed and civilization brought to an end.

THE WAR AGAINST CANCER

BY CLAUD REGAUD

PROFESSOR C. REGAUD, head of the Pasteur Laboratory at the Paris Radium Institute, is one of the leading French authorities on the use of radium in medicine, and has specialized for many years in the study of cancer.

Cancers constitute what may be called a natural group of diseases which attack not only the human race but also animals and even plants. A cancer usually shows itself in the form of a tumour increasing in size. Sometimes the tumour destroys its own centre as it grows, the result being that it assumes the appearance of an ulcer. The growth of cancer is progressive, sometimes slow and sometimes rapid. Its spontaneous cure by the mere defensive power of the organism is extraordinarily rare, if, indeed, such a thing has ever happened.

A great deal of investigation has been carried on with a view to proving that cancer in mammals is contagious and can be transmitted by inoculation, but, up to the present, the result has been negative, and we must assume that cancers of the kind that attack human beings are not contagious.

Savage peoples and those not far advanced from the point of view of civilization appear to have comparatively few cancers, but we must remember that they have no medical men, or very few, to diagnose their cases. Moreover, the average duration of life among these peoples is short. Many of them die young, and old men and women are rare, and as cancers generally show themselves in human beings after the age of 45, we should not be in too great a hurry to accept the frequently expressed belief that cancer increases in all countries in proportion to the progress of civilization. The statistics of the geographical and racial distribution of cancer are too imperfect to permit any such conclusion. Even in countries in which the public health services are very well organized, nobody really knows, or can know, the number of cancer patients, firstly because cancers are not reported to the sanitary authority by doctors, and secondly because the diagnosis of cancers, and especially those of the internal organs, which constitute the majority of cases, is difficult and gives rise to many mistakes. All we can ascertain, approximately, in countries in which these statistics are properly attended to, is the number of people who die of cancer.

Some European countries, such as Switzerland, Holland and Denmark, have very good official mortality tables, because they are small countries with a uniform social structure and a very well-organized public health department, and also because the medical men are comparatively numerous in proportion to the population and are accustomed to respect the regulations. It is somewhat curious to observe that these countries have a higher death-rate per 100,000 inhabitants from cancer than others. During the last few years, the average has been 115 in Holland, 122 in England and Scotland, 129 in Switzerland and 139 in Denmark. Other European countries have a lower and very unequal rate—Spain 60, Italy 68, Belgium 79, France 88, Germany 98, etc. Similar differences show themselves between urban and rural districts of a country. What are we to conclude from this? Do these differences correspond to anything real and having genuine significance? Perhaps, in some respects, but no one can feel absolutely certain about it, because we really do not know. What we do know, however, is that the death-rate from cancer is the highest in the countries where the organization of statistics, the fight against avoidable diseases, public health, the education of

the public and of the doctors are the best, while it is very low in the more backward countries. The probability is that there are a great many cancer cases in all countries and that the real death-rate from cancer is the same wherever the average duration of life is also more or less identical.

Are the ravages of cancer increasing? In France, for instance, the statistics tell us that cancer caused 70 deaths per 100,000 inhabitants in 1906, 82 in 1918, and 88 in 1921. I have no figures for later years, but I presume that the official rate is now over 100 and will continue to rise until it comes level with that of Switzerland and Denmark.

One explanation of the growth in the death-rate from cancer is that the statistics are continually coming nearer to actual facts. Another is the steady rise in the average duration of life, resulting from the progress of hygiene and medicine. In the United States, for instance, the average duration of life, which was only 40 in 1850, rose to 45 in 1875 and 58 in 1926. As cancer is one of the diseases that attack men and women in the decline of life, it is quite certain that we shall find it more frequently in countries in which the proportion of adults and old people is large.

In the principal European countries and the United States, the commonest form of this disease is cancer of the stomach. It represents about 40 per cent. of the total. Next come cancer of the breast (14 per cent.), the intestine (11 per cent.) and the œsophagus (9 per cent.).

We know of no medicine able to cure cancer, or rather, I would say, among the countless chemical and biological remedies which have enjoyed temporary popularity not one has produced results sufficiently certain and numerous to stand the test of time. Several of them have proved dangerous. Let us hope that the future will produce important curative chemical and biological discoveries that will help against cancer, and let us realize the importance of encouraging scientific research in this direction. At present, the treatment of cancer by pharmaceutical methods is a sphere in which all kinds of quacks flourish. When drugs are used in incurable diseases under the surveillance of a skilled and conscientious medical man they can be of some use for a time, but they ought never to be allowed, as they are too often allowed, to delay recourse to the only effective treatments we possess, surgery and radium.

The surgery of cancer has made remarkable progress during the past fifty years, the reduction in the loss of blood, antiseptic precautions and local anaesthesia having completely changed the conditions under which operations are carried out. A thorough clinical knowledge of cancers and of their processes of local and general growth has rendered their removal effective in a constantly increasing number of cases. The manner in which a surgical operation cures a case of cancer is perfectly simple and clear. The cancer is cured when the affected part is removed from the body, on condition that the surgeon's knife has gone completely round and outside the cancerous tissue in such a way as to leave no cancerous cell in the body or in the wound caused by the operation.

These conditions of a surgical cure are easy to understand, but unfortunately they are less easy to put into practice. The surgery of cancer is nearly always a difficult kind of surgery and, moreover, is frequently impossible. Two fundamental conditions help towards success—the smallness and limitation of the cancer and the technical skill of the operator.

The cure of cancer—or rather, one should say at present of certain cancers—by short waves (X-rays and radium gamma rays) is a magnificent discovery. It is not the outcome of a single mind, but rather of a series of discoveries and improvements effected in the course of thirty years or so. The essential features of this method may be briefly described as follows:

All living matter dies when exposed to X-rays or radium gamma rays for a sufficient period of time. The normal cells that make up our bodies are not all equally sensitive, however, to the action of these rays. The most sensitive are those that divide, thus showing that they possess the power of reproduction. Among these are the mother-cells, the red and white globules in the blood, and the spermatozoa. These cells, which are radio-sensitive, can be destroyed by being exposed to the rays for a length of time which would have hardly any effect on the living elements of all kinds among which they exist. The rays can thus carry out what is nothing less than cellular dissection among our tissues.

The mother-cells of cancer are generally radio-sensitive, just because they have an active and unlimited power of reproduction. The cure of a cancer by means of radium consists of using the rays to

destroy all the cancerous cells in the affected area without causing any serious lesions of healthy tissues and the organs of the body.

The principal kinds of cancer which are frequently cured by ray treatment are those of the epidermic tissues, that is to say, those occurring on the skin or the orifices of the skin, those of the mouth and the neck of the womb. In competent hands and in properly equipped establishments these cancers can be successfully treated, provided, of course, that they have not been allowed to go too far and are not attended with complications which interfere with the treatment. Cures by rays, and especially radium, are effected more frequently and with fewer drawbacks than by surgery.

The use of X-rays and radium in the treatment of cancer has made great progress during the last ten or twelve years. It looks as if this progress will continue. There is reason to believe that experimental radio-physiology, physics and technology will provide us with new biological knowledge, new ways of utilizing the rays, larger quantities of radium, and more powerful electric apparatus and X-ray generators, thanks to which we may hope to be able to cure a greater number of varieties of cancer and cases in a more advanced stage.

AN IMAGINARY EXTRACT FROM 'PICKWICK PAPERS'

By RICHARD CLAVERING

A DELEGATION from this famous club composed of Mr. Pickwick himself (leader of the party), Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Tupman, having been duly authorized to visit Brighton for the purpose of ascertaining its suitability as a holiday resort for their members, the company duly arrived at Victoria Station on the morning of May 7 last. It had been Mr. Winkle's suggestion that the journey thence should be made by train instead of by coach, as an experiment in a new mode of travelling.

"Four tickets for Brighton, outside seats, if you please," announced Mr. Pickwick at the window of the booking office.

"What do you mean by 'outside'?" asked the booking clerk with some surprise.

"Seats on top of the railway coach," explained Mr. Pickwick.

"Passengers only allowed to travel inside the carriages," responded the clerk, with a mental conclusion that the enquirer had doubtless escaped from an asylum.

"Oh I see," responded Mr. Pickwick. "Then four tickets for the inside, please."

The requisite number of tickets having been duly punched, and presented, and paid for, Mr. Pickwick rejoined his waiting comrades. No one in the crowded station seemed to notice this portly gentleman in his flowered waistcoat, green surtout and closely fitting white breeches—nor, for that matter, any of the other members of his party. But on all and sundry Mr. Pickwick bestowed a gracious and approving smile, his fat, rubicund face aglow with the joyous light of gentle benevolence. His eyes sparkled behind his steel-rimmed spectacles.

"Ah! Mr. Winkle, Mr. Tupman and you, Mr. Snodgrass, here we all are," he cried cheerily. "I wonder if we ought to take some refreshment with us for the journey; or whether we will stop on the way for lunch?"

"It seems hardly necessary, Mr. Pickwick," replied Mr. Tupman. "This time-table I have in my hand says we will arrive in Brighton one hour after we leave here."

"One hour, Mr. Tupman!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, incredulously. "That's quite impossible. Why, it's fifty miles to Brighton."

"So it is, Mr. Pickwick, but that's what it says here."

"Let me have a look, Mr. Tupman, please. Not that I doubt your word," added Mr. Pickwick, taking the little printed sheet. For several seconds he scanned it thoughtfully, his brows contracted as if indicating his mental preoccupation. Then his face suddenly lighted up afresh as he made a discovery.

"I thought as much," he announced, glancing at the others. "Of course, it's not accurate. Why, look at the date; it says, 'May nineteen-thirty-one.' It should be eighteen-thirty-one. . . ."

"Of course it should," interposed Mr. Snodgrass. "This is eighteen-thirty-one."

"Printer's error," suggested Mr. Winkle.

"Must be," assented Mr. Pickwick. "But if they have muddled the date, it's only too evident that they have also muddled the time. However, let's be going."

The little party trooped through the gate on to the platform beside which the Brighton train was awaiting. Mr. Pickwick surveyed it with critical eyes.

"I cannot conceive how such a cumbersome affair as this can be made to travel at any speed at all," he observed. "It looks positively unwieldy."

"It will be interesting to test it," rejoined Mr. Tupman.

"And to think that it is only six short years ago since Mr. Stephenson made his first public trial trip with a train between Stockton and Darlington," continued Mr. Pickwick, ruminatingly. "It is amazing how quickly the thing has grown."

"We are living in a progressive age, Mr. Pickwick," said Mr. Winkle.

"I wonder if we are?" rejoined his leader. "Time will show."

"I doubt that we are," cut in Mr. Snodgrass.

"Only the other day I sent an editor one of my poems eulogizing our recent journey to Bath by coach, and he actually returned it to me with a note saying that the subject was somewhat out-of-date."

"Incomprehensible!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, sympathetically. "Of course, such wanton disregard for a beautiful experience, no doubt most perfectly expressed, must have proved very painful to you as a poet."

"It did," assented Mr. Snodgrass. "So I sent him another—on the decline of appreciation of poetic beauty. He sent that back, also."

"Scandalous!" quoth Mr. Pickwick.

"Disgraceful!" murmured Mr. Winkle.

"Shocking!" said Mr. Tupman.

"I've made a note of it," observed Mr. Snodgrass. "I'll get even with him some day."

"I should," said Mr. Pickwick. "But let's get in. We are due to leave."

They took their seats inside, and a porter unceremoniously slammed and fastened the door. No sooner had he done so, than it was wrenched open, and a young man precipitated himself into the carriage. He was tall and slender, with a pinched face; and the suit he wore had obviously been made for one smaller than he. Under his left arm he carried a brown paper parcel from which protruded a very much soiled cuff of a shirt. Unfortunately, in entering he trod on one of Mr. Pickwick's feet, and, still more unfortunately, on one of his corns. Mr. Pickwick glared at him.

"Didn't see your feet," explained the newcomer, and then added rudely: "Might have done—they're big enough."

Just then there was more banging of doors and a shrill whistle.

"We're off!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle.

"So we are," assented Mr. Tupman.

"Quite an adventure," remarked Mr. Snodgrass. "I hope it's quite safe."

The train drew out of the station and rumbled its way across the bridge. Each moment it seemed to gather speed, until soon it was going at a good pace. The excitement caused by the starting of the train helped Mr. Pickwick to forget the agony of his outraged corn and restored his good humour. He sat peering first out of one window, and then out of the other, at the long lines of houses as they glided by.

"'Pon my word! We are going quickly," he exclaimed, evincing the pleasure of a schoolboy off on his holidays. "And what a delightful motion too. Quite fascinating."

"Motion—delightful; fascinating—quite." The speaker was the oddly clad, elongated young man before mentioned. Mr. Pickwick, being the soul of courtesy, glanced at him and bowed slightly. Thus encouraged, the young man proceeded:

"My name—Alfred Jingle, Esq.; address—No Hall, Nowhere. Going to Brighton; object—fresh air. London, stuffy."

"The great metropolis is, as you have just remarked, decidedly stuffy and," added Mr. Pickwick, "very smoky. In fact, it seems to be getting smokier every day."

"That reminds me, must smoke. Tobacco keeps germs away. Assists preservation, good health," said Mr. Jingle, promptly diving his hands into pockets which he knew to be empty. "Ha! how foolish, just remember, left full case, best Havana cigars, on dressing table, Carlton Hotel, Haymarket. No matter, get more, Brighton."

"If you will permit me, sir, perhaps I can partially remedy the unfortunate circumstance," interposed Mr. Pickwick, withdrawing from his pocket his own case containing two cigars, "These are Java ones, a poor substitute, no doubt, since they lack the delicate flavour and fragrant aroma of your own brand. But, perhaps, in an emergency—"

"Don't mind. Always willing try anything once. 'Live dangerously,' my motto," and with alacrity Mr. Jingle reached over and (somewhat to the astonishment of Mr. Pickwick) too, *both* cigars, one of which he stuck into his mouth and the other he put into his pocket.

Mr. Pickwick slowly shut his case and returned it to its place. The train was roaring its way along past East Croydon towards Coulsdon.

"We certainly are travelling at a very great pace," remarked Mr. Winkle.

"It's quite terrifying," supplemented Mr. Pickwick.

"Quite like journeying on the Magic Carpet of Arabian Myth," observed Mr. Snodgrass.

"Makes one decidedly thirsty," said Mr. Jingle, gently massaging his throat.

"I happen to have a bottle of port in my valise, sir," announced Mr. Tupman, "but unfortunately nothing with which to open it, and no glass."

"Let's look at it," suggested Mr. Jingle. And thus bidden, Mr. Tupman opened his bag and presented the article in question. Mr. Jingle took it and carefully read the label. Then he calmly produced a corkscrew from his pocket and proceeded to uncork the bottle.

At that instant an appalling thing happened. Without the slightest warning the train suddenly plunged its way from daylight into inky darkness with a deafening roar!

Mr. Pickwick gave a gasp and shuddered. He felt stark terror strike through his vitals in one fell blow.

"Mr. Winkle!" he shrieked. "Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Tupman, are you all here?"

Reassuring cries from his friends reached him through the pitch blackness. There was no sound from Mr. Jingle.

"Whatever has happened?" yelled Mr. Winkle in a fearful voice.

"Something horrible!" hazarded Mr. Snodgrass.

"It's perdition!" shouted Mr. Tupman.

"I devoutly hope not!" bellowed Mr. Pickwick.

For what seemed like eternity the darkness persisted until, with equal suddenness, the train emerged with a wild shriek into daylight once more, and raced madly beside green fields, flower-decked and beautiful.

In the corner of the carriage sprawled Mr. Jingle, draining the last drop from the bottle.

"That was an amazing experience," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Thrilling!" replied Mr. Winkle. "I wasn't in the least frightened."

"Nor I," interposed Mr. Tupman.

"I positively enjoyed it," assured Mr. Snodgrass.

"It did me good," announced Mr. Jingle, laying aside the empty port bottle. It was an adequate explanation of his silence during the passage through the tunnel. Mr. Tupman glanced at the bottle, then at Mr. Jingle, and then at Mr. Pickwick. The latter glanced at Mr. Tupman, then at Mr. Jingle, and then out of the window. Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass exchanged glances and then stared at Mr. Jingle. Mr. Jingle appeared blissfully oblivious.

"Port—not bad," he remarked unconcernedly.

"Have tasted better, of course. For instance, my uncle's. Wonderful man—my uncle. Flew—London—Paris—back—last week—one hundred and twenty miles per hour—good going!"

"You're a liar, sir," yelled Mr. Pickwick.

"I'm not. He did."

"He couldn't have done so," shouted Mr. Pickwick. "No man can fly. We're not angels, nor even birds."

"I tell you—he did," persisted Mr. Jingle. "Imperial—Airways."

"Impervious liar!" screamed Mr. Pickwick.

"Impudent impostor!" cried Mr. Tupman.

In a moment the carriage was in wild commotion. There were shrieks and yells and angry words. A jumble of seething, fighting forms; of clouting fists and waving arms . . . and then the train dashed into the darkness of another tunnel. When it emerged, the carriage was empty!

Gone were Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Jingle; back into the limbo of the past.

THE LAMP IS SHATTERED

BY BRIAN FITZGERALD

"If music be the food of love, play on. . . ."
Twelfth Night.

WHEN you were eleven years old, everybody said it was time and more than time that you went to school. School, said everybody, would be the making of you, Michael Bailey. It was so bad for you never to meet boys of your own age; so bad for you to be always alone. No wonder you were becoming moody and dreamy, never meeting boys. Even Miss White, you know, confessed she could "make nothing of her little man." Miss White was your governess, and that was how she put it. Nobody had said you were stupid. Oh no, Michael, my boy. But you were—you must admit it—well, queer, not like other boys. There you'd sit, gazing out of the schoolroom window at—nothing. At any rate, nothing which would interest any normal boy. For minutes and hours; and hours and days on end. Miss White would do her best to rouse you. "Here, Michael, double round the table five times, and see if that'll shake off something of your dreaminess." One, two, three, four, five. "Now sit down. How does my little man feel? Better?" Of course you didn't. As soon as you sat down again, the gently swaying trees, the sleepy purr-purr noise the wind made as it rustled through their leaves, the fleecy clouds dashing in and out of the sunlight, would hold you once more like the glittering eye of that Ancient Mariner chap. . . . "There's only one place for my Michael," your mother admitted at last, reluctantly, "though he is none too strong." But everybody said it would be the making of you. So off they packed you the following term. Windlaw College. The best school in the country, everybody said. They had all been there.

Even at this stage in your history, Michael Bailey, you noticed the large part played in your life by everybody. Everybody was your dead father's relations. They were all in the business of Bailey, Bailey and Sons—the wine people, you know. And since they had lots of servants and nice cars, you gathered that the business was a flourishing one. These everybodies, you understood, were all somebodies. But you disliked them, because they interfered with you and were rude to your mother. And everybody took an interest in you because you were your father's son. Your father had married at twenty-four—when Mummy was all fluffy and pretty. But everybody only despised Mummy because she was the daughter of a poor North-country parson. Everybody said, "That woman tricked his poor father into it." That remark made you hate everybody. But everybody was interested in you. They sent you to the best school in the country, "his father would have wished it." Lift your cap, say Thank you, Michael!

So you went to Windlaw.

It was all done to make a man of you, Michael.

II

When you were sixteen, everybody said it was quite time that you left school. You were doing no good at school. They had not made a man of you. But it was, that last report of Old Bam's that settled them. And your shirking cricket that principally settled Old Bam. Oh, you knew all about the Playing Fields of Eton, that cricket maketh men, follow up, play the game, and all that. You knew all right that Windlaw was a cricket school, and that Old Bam was a Blue—whatever that meant. Yet you'd cut the game whenever you could. When the other fellows were

batting, off you'd sneak. Squat on grass; suck daisy. Watch the clouds, look about you, dream, think. A delicious melancholy would descend upon you. Your soul cried out for something—you knew not what. Was it beauty? Was it love? All about you were the pregnant stillness, the silent movement of clouds, swiftly gyrating birds, grasshoppers making their zzz-zzz-zzz. How were you to know? This desire of I-know-not-what. Then, "Good shot, Williams, well hit." Hell. They had broken the sequence of your thoughts. You were different from other boys. You wouldn't take the damn thing seriously. That was the trouble. So Old Bam despises you, bloods despise you, everybody despises you.

"Here, Michael Bailey, why aren't you cheering? Williams has got his century." It was a marvellous thing. It was history in the making. Forty years on you would recite to children 'twas a famous victory. It means a holiday to-morrow. So cheer, cheer—if you don't want to get into a row.

To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow. Send 'em to bed tired. We'll make a man of 'im. To-morrow and to-morrow. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday; May, June, July; Summer, Autumn, Winter. Term follows term, term follows term. Year in, year out. The happiest days of your life, my boy. World without end. To-morrow and to-morrow.

Behind looms the silver-grey chapel, "ye distant spires," the Tudor quadrangle, the circling pigeons, the giant elms; and there broods a calm, cloistered and donnish, only broken by the ding-dong, ding-dong school-clock. These things meant the school. Something of its indefinable tradition. But you also were the school. You pass on Torch of Youth. Keep your lamp well trimmed! Vitæ Lampada. Part of Public-School system, backbone of Empire. Play the game; faaaag! early-school, "Sir," Quis? Ego! Crib, Faaaaag! You're last again, Bailey. Stinks, Colours, Out of bounds, Shoot, man, shoot! Beginning of term, end of term; Faaaag! Faaaag! Faaaag! Last again, Bailey.

Oh, there's no getting away from it, Michael, you did damn poorly at that damn rotten school. And that report—well, it just about settled matters. Old Bam—Mr. Bamford, your housemaster—was not such a bad chap, really. Sap classical scholar, you'd heard. Glory that was Greece, and all that. Also, Blue—whatever that meant. But, my God! his last report. You don't say you've forgotten it? You don't say I need remind you? It pains me more than it pains you. "Not pulling his weight. . . . No excuse for slackness in the cricket-field. . . . Shirks games. . . . Does not appear to throw himself into the life of the place. And so on and so on. As I have said, that just about settled things so far as you were concerned. You were doing no good at Windlaw. Time you left school. Everybody said so. What more was there to be said?

III

Cardinal things happened to this Michael Bailey fellow when he was seventeen years old. One was Poetry. Another was Beethoven. Then there was the Pretty Girl. But first things come first. And first came that paint-box. All things considered, it was decent of them to give you that six weeks' holiday at all, Michael. I think you understood that. They might have popped you into the family business straight away—you know, the wine people. Then there would have been no Poetry. No Beethoven. No Pretty Girl. As it was, you spent August-early September with

mother at Southbourne. Far from everybody. With only the sunlight glistening on sea; and lap-lap of waves; and high-low tide, sunrise-sunset, day-night rhythms, which somehow quieted the urgencies in your blood and sublimated that I-Know-Not-What desire into appreciation of beauty and urge to create.

But that paint-box. It arrived on your seventeenth birthday. "With Many Happy Returns From Mother." Reeves. And I should say it cost about fifteen bob. Possibly more. So you set out early morning. Haversack on back; camp stool on arm. In haversack, you've got box, brushes, cartridge paper (Winsor and Newton's). Flask for water and sandwiches for luncheon. Cut across green, grass still wet with morning dew. Sea glistening below you. Feel sun on neck. Now, Michael, get to work. You've got the whole day before you. Ten long hours of freedom. Then sleep and rest to refresh you for another day. So get to work. Outline those cotton-woolly clouds appearing over cliffs—clouds always fascinated you, Michael. Remember Miss White? "My little man." Get principal colours in first. Shades of green on cliffs, shades of chrome. Work from dark to light. Draw with brush as much as possible. You must feel what you're painting. Damn it, now you've been and made a smudge. But it's growing, Michael, it's growing. While you work, crowd clusters round you. Usually consisting of two or three kids. Damned inquisitive. But go on painting. Pretend you don't see them. And they'll silently disappear. You'd sit there all day. Sandwiches in haversack for lunch. Didn't want any tea. Watch sun turn from sun-stuff colour to lobster red. Couldn't paint then. Light all wrong. But go on watching. Awareness of beauty, sense of wonder, dawning upon you. And that Desire-I-Know-Not-What incessantly, insistently welling up in your soul. Go on watching, Michael, and maybe you'll presently discover what it means. Sunrise, sunset; high-low-tide; day-come, day-go. The eternal rhythm of nature stirring up your urgencies.

You were lying flat on belly—late afternoon, when the Pretty Girl happened. Reading. 'Selections from Percy Bysshe.' "The Fountains mingle with the River, And the Rivers with the Ocean. The winds of Heaven mix for ever With a sweet emotion. Nothing in the world is single. All things by a law divine—In one spirit meet and mingle—Why not I with thine?" You had just discovered poetry, not that damn rot they taught you at Windlaw. But—you know—the real thing. That it meant something. Especially Percy Bysshe. Reading him, feeling with him, did do something to still your soul and calm your urgencies. Maybe, there lay serenity; maybe, if you understood it a little better, you'd discover your soul's desire. "See the mountains kiss high Heaven." The blue sky, the sunstreaked clouds, the sea—a scintillating sword-blade, the earthy smell of the grass. You paused. The whole world paused. The sky, clouds—sea. The delicious green turf, against which you pressed your belly—meeting and mingling. One spirit. Kissing. The strange, strange desires of your body. So back again to Percy Bysshe. Reading. On and on.

Then it was she happened.

The event is cardinal.

Illimitable space, measureless time. What were the chances against you—she meeting same point same tick in space-time continuum? Universe 100,000 million light-years circumference. Life for thousand million years. Man, say, for 300,000 years. Before that, ape, mammal, reptile, amphibia, fish, sun-activated single-cell. Before that ball of glowing fire, ball of liquid gas—middle part of Jean's cigar-ash. The cosmos. Electrons, protons, atoms; earth, sun; stars—double and multiple; galaxies and super-galaxies—world without end. The elements. Thunder, lightning, rain. Where shall we three meet again?

Plague, pestilence and sudden death. Good Lord, deliver us. You; She; Michael; Pretty Girl. Who'd have thought it? You never expected her to happen. In fact, don't believe you'd even thought very much about girls, love, sex. Had heard, read, of course. Flicks; magazines. Never expected same to happen to Self, though.

IV

Yet—here was this creature. She's got blue, baby eyes; round, red mouth; smile dimples; soft pink hands. But you didn't know that yet. You hadn't yet dared to look. All that you knew so far were her legs. Not at all bad-looking legs, either. Long, slender. And quite sufficient to set blood tingling and hormones working within you. You lay on belly, pretending to go on reading: "The Fountains mingle with the river, And the rivers with the Ocean. . . ." Mustn't let her see you're interested in her. Mustn't even let self know she excites you. "The Fountains mingle. . . ." Go on reading. But somehow you couldn't. For you discovered the blue, baby eyes, round red mouth, and glimpsed the soft pink hands, and nature whispered within you, "I think you look ripping." Percy Bysshe receded from your consciousness. Presently she has spoken. Her voice is silver, and her laughter silvery. You did not know what it was she said. You may have heard, but you certainly didn't comprehend. But she spoke and, miracle of miracles, you spoke also. Conversation gushed forth. You were normally a shy sort of chap, but you were speaking all right now. At first, it was poetry—Percy Bysshe. She asked you if you knew the thing beginning, "When the lamp is shattered." You said you didn't think you did. So she sat down on the green grass beside you and recited: "When the lamp is shattered The light in the dust lies dead—When the cloud is scattered The rainbow's glory is shed. When the lute is broken, Sweet tones are remembered not; When the lips have spoken, Loved accents are soon forgot." And, as spoken by her, the effect was beautiful.

Well, there was Pretty Girl—blue, baby eyes, little red mouth, soft pink hands. There was you, Michael, hair ruffled in wind, sun on neck, hormones working to capacity, wanting to touch soft, pink hands of Pretty Girl, but—not daring! Wanting to say, "I think you look ripping," but—not daring! Little fool that you were! There also was warmth of setting sun, breath of air, softness of turf, fragrance of turf, powder-white clouds, swish-swish of sea. . . .

You talked. From poetry you got on to painting. You confessed that you painted. She wanted to see. You produced the afternoon's work. She praised—but also commented, criticized, thus showing that she appreciated. So, from painting to music. And, in particular, the music of Beethoven. So far, you had regarded music much as a taxidriver regards Botticelli. You were, in fact, more than a little suspicious of same. But Beethoven, she explained, was different. He spoke of the Beauty incarnate in Nature; echoed the innate blessedness of things. The Fifth Symphony. There was the Absolute, there was God. What does life mean? Until you'd heard, you couldn't understand: Mystery of existence, riddle of life. You, Michael, must hear it. She had it on gramophone, and she asked would you come back with her and listen. Now? Music. The Fifth Symphony. And meaning of Michael Bailey's existence wrapped in its strains. Awareness of beauty, sense of wonder. Souls-Desire-of-You-Knew-Not-What. She's waiting for your answer, Master Michael. The clouds are racing one another in ocean of blue; the sun is bombarding your neck with electrons; the blue, baby eyes of Pretty Girl rest upon you; a ray of polychromatic sunlight strikes that blade of grass. She's waiting for your answer. Mother had told you she wouldn't be in till late that evening. So thank you very much, indeed, you'd love to come!

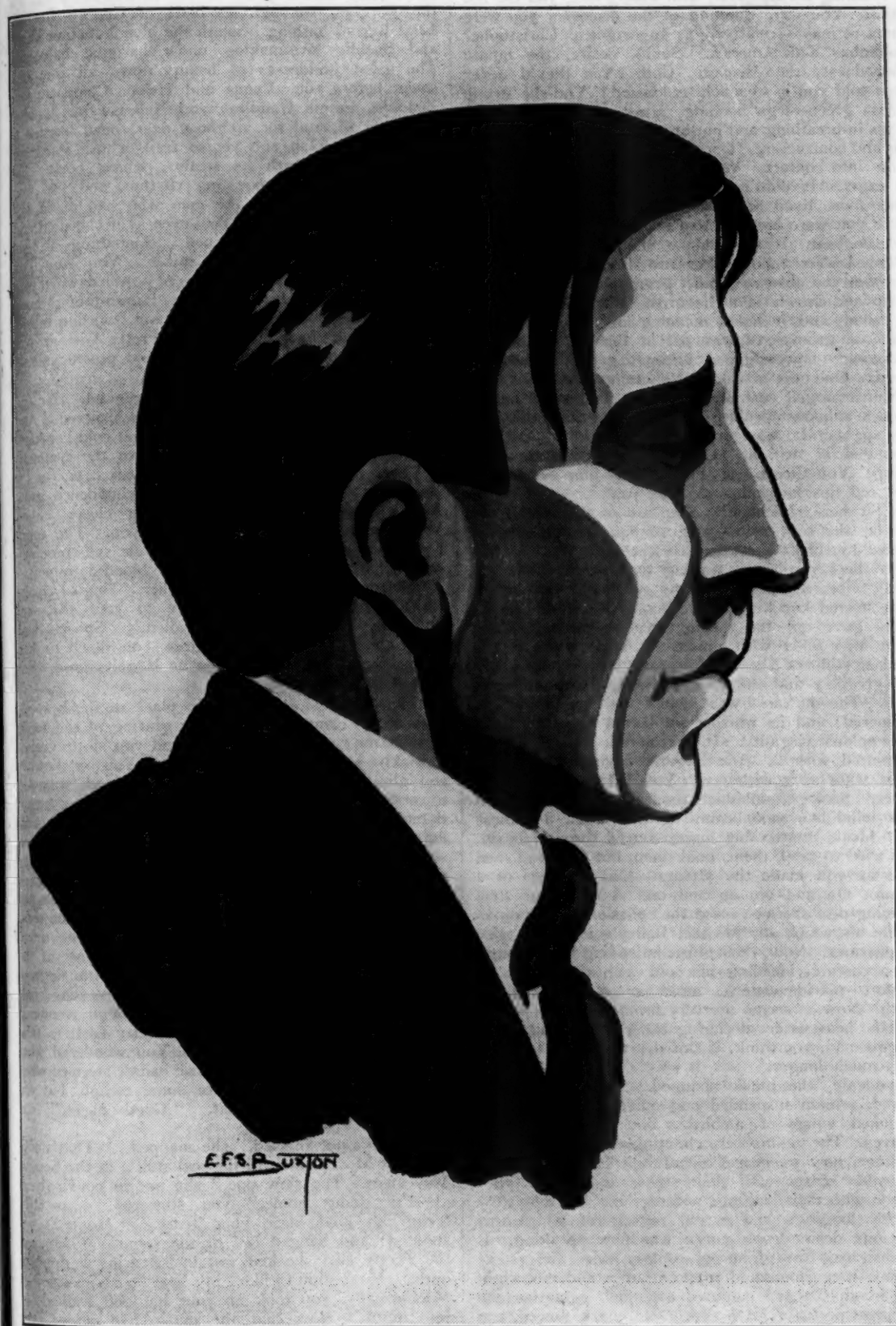
30 May 1931

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CORTOT

V

Walking across green with Pretty Girl, you did not speak. You were thinking of the discovery you were about to make—relatively as important as Christopher Columbus and America. Soul's desire, the innate blessedness, the Absolute, God. And they'd never even told you it so much as existed! You—she strode across green—legs bending, arms swinging at side; lungs in-breathing and out-breathing; muscles expanding and contracting. Once your—her hands accidentally came into contact. You, quick to remove; she, not so eager. It didn't take long to reach her house, where she lived with her bed-ridden granny. So there you were hanging cap up on rack and scraping feet on mat. It was dusk. She led the way; you followed. You followed her into sitting-room. At end of room you observe cabinet gramophone. She winds it up and selects some records. Fifth Symphony, it is called, and it holds meaning of life. Vibrations made on grooves of wax tell of Beauty, Truth; the Unknown, unworshipped Ultimate; the all-comprehensive One-ness of God. It contained them all.

She arranged cushions on sofa. You stood before French window opening into garden, gazing out into the night. It was dusk. Trees, shrubs, paths—shrouded in twilight. One by one, the stars were rising. You turn back. Pretty Girl—blue eyes dancing, red lips laughing—motions you:

"Sit here, Michael." You sat on the sofa; she sat on the sofa also—close to you, so that knees almost touched. You removed knee.

So there you were, waiting expectantly while the needle vibrated harshly on the revolving disc before Fate started knocking at the door. The violins insistently gave out the theme, then repeated it. The night was filled with music. It stole through the summer stillness like a soft caress, enwrapping paths and greenery and the dark invisibility without in its folds. The darkness was melted with its magic. It whispered; and its whisper set leaves quivering with a tremulous virginity. It murmured, and the trees murmured with it. And lingered lovingly, shedding sweet tears as it withdrew. You listened as if in a trance. Strange, unbidden thoughts chased through your mind like moonbeams lighting upon a sunless sea. Ideas, unutterably huge, surged through brain. You tried to catch them, hold them, but they vanished even as you made the attempt—like shadows of a dream. On and on, on and on. A needle of steel scraping disc of wax caused the emission of vibrations in the air which stir Michael Bailey's soul and raise his passions. Now, their music is leading him through green pastures, feeding his soul with the waters of comfort—placid waters, amid a calm—serene as death. Now, it seems the very firmament has opened, and the heavens are declaring the glory of God. You will go mad, you think, if this delirium of blessedness lasts much longer.

Suddenly, the music changed. The violins rose, soared, remain suspended and quivered like the outstretched wings of a bird. You descended from Heaven. The violins were chanting the cadences, now exultant, now weeping like unfulfilled desire, saturating your senses with their sighs, and lulling your reason with their longings and regrets. But they were earthly longings and carnal regrets of which this delicious desire-drunk music was now speaking. It was sighing for nights of sunless skies and starry climes; it murmured of masked ladies and moonlight and gondolas; and conjured asphodel, eglantine and all sweet perfumes. On and on the music flowed, and you thought of love; of the love which was to come as it had once been, but was no more. How sad, you thought, were your most precious dreams—how sad, but yet how sweet! They passed, as that music passed, as you so soon would also pass, and all that was left would be the hollow echo of their mocking memories. . . . It rippled joyously of all the romance in

the world, real and unreal—of courtiers and courtesans; popes and pierrots, monks and miracles. Of the Borgias, so bold, so bad; of George Gordon, Lord Byron, bathing beneath the blue Venetian skies; and bucolic love-making under baroque balconies. The great goddesses of beauty down all the ages swept before you—Venus and Helen, Cleopatra and Zenobia, Emma Hamilton and Nell Gwyn. It wept for them all, and for all those dear, dead women of the past, so fresh and yet so frail, whose souls had been saturated with its strains, whose bodies had swayed to their intoxicating rhythm, and yet were no more. It wept for the men who had made love to its sighs and who had died even as it had died. . . .

Then—something happened. Something in you seemed to respond to the music. You rose, you soared. Unexplored possibilities of power dawned upon you. Your muscles stiffened; thump-thump-thump your temples pounded. Fire, turmoil, swirling music: and the blue, baby eyes of the Pretty Girl at your side. Deep pools of blue—you could drown yourself in them.

Suddenly you clutched hold of her hand. Her eyelids drooped. "Oh, lovely," she whispered. And, as the music flowed on and on, and you held her hand, your eyes couldn't help straying down the symmetry of her body—lips, snow-white neck, curves of shoulders, breasts, hips. Your self-confidence grew. And with it desire. You drew her closer, closer. Warm and snug she lay against you. The music flowed, on and on. It dissolved your self-consciousness, churned the desire of your blood into action. You leant forward. You kissed her. Tingles rippled right through your body—down to your feet—and up again. Her flesh quivered violently. She put both arms about your neck and drew you down to her. Your blood leapt in its veins as if galvanized. You panted for breath.

Then the music stopped. In place of the heavenly patterns came the execrating grating of the needle against the rim of the record. And you stopped also. A sickly sensation overcame you. You swallowed; you almost choked. You stood up; and stumbled towards the door. Muscles all set; thump-thump-thump-thump-thump. The needle grated on nauseatingly. It seemed it must pierce your very soul. You straightened your tie; brushed back your hair. The pretty girl sprang up from the sofa and removed record. "Damn," she swore. She wound up the gramophone, and immediately turned back to the sofa.

But the spell was broken. As soon as the music ceased, your shyness returned. The feeling of the new-discovered power had died with the music, and you were your old self-conscious self. You wondered, oh, God! what had come over you. You wondered how you ever came to touch the Pretty Girl, to take her in your arms and kiss her. You wondered what might have happened if the music hadn't stopped when it did. You thanked God for some escape, but you did not know from what. "Good night," you murmured.

"But it's not finished," she snapped. "That's only the First Movement. All the real stuff's in the Second Movement. The slow one," she put in coaxingly.

"I'm going home," you stuttered, desperately trying to hold back your tears. "Home," you shouted; and banged out of the room. Whereupon the Pretty Girl shocked you by swearing a dreadful oath. You didn't like to hear girls swearing. Mechanically, you took up your hat and walked out into night. Now that the music had ceased, the thump-thump in your brain rapidly subsided and your muscles relaxed. You discovered you were all wet. Only with difficulty did you choke back a great sob. If the music hadn't stopped when it did—what then? The mystery of the Desire-you-Knew-Not-What would have been a mystery no longer. But why because the music stopped had you stopped also? The

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thought of the Pretty Girl as she lay before you on the sofa momentarily passed through your mind. You really must be different from other boys, Michael Bailey. Miss White—Old Bam—Everybody was right after all; you were abnormal. And yet, if you had been a little less ignorant; and if the music had not stopped when it did. Blue, baby eyes; little red lips that were very soft to kiss; tenderness of hands. You were very glad the music did stop, though.

You must have run all the way back, Michael.

When you reached home you were out of breath and all wet. A clock chimed the hour: ten. Your mother wouldn't be in till late, she had said. So you would go upstairs, lock yourself in bedroom, be alone. Think. Of all things that might have happened if music hadn't stopped. You were damned little coward, abnormal, not like other boys. Soul's desire. It was all centred in glinting lights of girls' eyes, touch of lips, and soft, pink hands. You had it all within your grasp. If only the music hadn't stopped—you blessed little fool. Well, there you were, home again. You opened front door and received a shock. There was a strange man's hat and stick in the hall. You passed into the drawing-room. Stir of hurried movement on sofa of rustling—Mother and strange man. "Oh, Michael, it's only you! Couldn't think who you were. Didn't expect you back so soon." She spoke huskily, nervously, out of breath. She straightened her dress, tidied her hair. Man—forty-ish, smart, good-looking, smiled sheepishly and adjusted tie. "Michael, this is Mister —. We've been talking—business, you know. Didn't expect you back so early." You looked at strange man very hard, and then at Mother. Then, an idea struck you. "Got to go. Sorry." You opened door, closed door; opened front door, closed front door. Cool night air fanned cheeks. Your lips, face, were working. You swallowed several times. An idea had struck you. You were free, free. You had a soul, which you could call your own. A body, also yours. Life unfolded before you. Life was simple. You were free, free. The Desire-you-Knew-Not-What. You had been a damned little fool! You ran blindly out into the night.

The light of the stars guided you to your destination. You didn't wait to ring. You ran inside. She was telephoning. "Darling, darling, I'm lonely. Do come and see me. Nobody here but me. . . ." You rushed up to her. "Stop that, I'm here. I've come back to hear Second Movement. All of it, all of it—now." She was puzzled, but looked at you hungrily. "Well, if you really—" She pulled back the starter; the needle sizzled expectantly. "Really, really," you choked, in a voice that was half laughter and half tears. You pulled her down on sofa; wrapped your arms about her neck; drew her to you. Soul's desire, dream come true. "Play on! Play on! Play on!" you cried exultantly. The Second Movement had begun.

SOME DAY

By A. R. UBSDELL

DEVON, I will come back to you some day; It has been weary, parted from your hills, Your heathered moorlands, and your daffodils, Your deep lanes glad with foxglove or with may That twist along your valleys where the fields Sleep, drugged with summer grass and spangled gold With buttercups, or up through woods which hold Night shadows ere the sun to starlight yields.

Devon, I will come back and find again The scents I've lost; of cider apples heaped In orchards, gathered mushrooms still dew-steeped, Of sun-charmed gorse and bracken after rain. . . . And Devon, Devon, I have waited long For a peewit's call and a sky-lark's song.

THE FILMS UNUSUAL AND USUAL

By MARK FORREST

Avalanche. Directed by Doctor Arnold Fanck. The London Pavilion.

Uneasy Virtue. Directed by Norman Walker. The London Pavilion.

'**A**VALANCHE,' which has taken the place of Dreyfus' at the London Pavilion, is directed by Dr. Fanck, whose mountain picture, 'The White Hell of Pitz Palu,' deservedly made a big success. There is no reason why 'Avalanche' should not be equally popular, for the director makes excellent use of the camera; the result is a film which is true cinema and, therefore, essentially different from nearly every other picture. The statement may seem a contradiction in terms, but since America is content for the most part to photograph plays and we to imitate them, it is only when a film such as 'Avalanche' is released that people, who do not want the cinema to become an appendage of the theatre, wake up and become enthusiastic.

A slight story is sufficient to present from all angles and at all times the true hero and heroine of this film who are combined in the majesty of Mont Blanc. There are magnificent "shots" of cloud effects, crevasses and avalanches, besides the more familiar, but none the less thrilling, ones of ski-ing. The picture being a German production, English dialogue has been contrived, but there is so little of it and what there is is so stilted that it seems a pity to have bothered to employ speech at all. Whenever the trite English phrases are put into the mouths of Leni Riefenstahl or Sepp Rist, the film loses force and becomes slightly ridiculous; whenever the action is allowed to speak for itself, the result is excellent.

After seeing a film such as this one cannot help speculating as to when British producers propose to take any advantage of the magnificent scenery provided for them in this island. It might occur to them, but I do not suppose it will, that there is a place known popularly as "The Lakes," and that a good many stories have been written with that background. I do not want to lay any particular stress on any particular district; I should, indeed, be thankful for the glimpse of a natural pond, but I suppose the studios at Elstree will continue to provide the answer until some charitable person sets them alight and forces the camera into the open. The view of a drawing-room, bedroom, dining-room and hall is generally all we are allowed to see.

In 'Uneasy Virtue' there is an excellent cast, consisting, among others, of Fay Compton, Hubert Harben and Edmund Breon. None of them gives such good performances as they habitually do on the stage, and the comparison must be made because the direction is that of a stage producer rather than of a film director. In fact, so much is the action tied to the studio that, though nearly every one of the characters enlarges upon the magnificent view to be obtained from the room in the West wing, we are not even vouchsafed a "shot" of that. Instead, the camera goes round and round the hall, taking various people saying various things, some amusing and some dull, until the author has rung all the changes he can upon the well-tried situation of the wrong couple in the wrong room.

Precisely the same method of direction may be enjoyed at the Stoll Picture Theatre or the Kensington, where 'Canaries Sometimes Sing' was generally released on Monday, and at the Leicester Square, where an American picture, entitled 'Behind Office Doors,' opened last Friday week. There is entertainment of a kind in all these films, but they are "pot-boilers" and nothing else,

THE THEATRE

A DE LUXE EDITION

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

The Good Companions. By J. B. Priestley and Edward Knoblock. His Majesty's Theatre.

The Crime at Blossoms. By Mordaunt Shairp. The Playhouse.

Daddy's Gone A-Hunting. By W. H. Lane Crauford. Embassy Theatre.

WAS it, I wonder, just a lucky accident, or was it for some subtler reason, that at Leeds 'The Good Companions' was described as "Julian Wylie's Production of J. B. Priestley's Novel"? The phrase was so apt, so beautifully accurate, that I fancy it must have been written by the hand of Chance, and left uncorrected through an oversight. Here in London, though the management has carefully refrained from calling it "a play," and dubs it "Julian Wylie's Production of 'The Good Companions,'" the accuracy is partial, negative, evasive. The sixteen scenes presented at His Majesty's are not, indeed, a play; they are not even an adaptation; they are, on the other hand, a novel, Mr. Priestley's novel, a *de luxe* edition, illustrated. Mr. Wylie's first thought (if it really was a thought) was, I venture to submit, the better.

This new edition is entirely delightful and will, I think, be popular. Of course, stage-versions of good novels are almost always very bad artistically, and therefore ruinous commercially. How, then, explain this curious exception? For it is a curious, a very curious, exception. I am perfectly certain that no reader of the novel ever closed the volume, to exclaim "What a perfectly marvellous play it would make!" On the contrary, the idea of attempting to translate it into drama must have seemed fantastically absurd. Indeed it was, and is, absurd. And I haven't a doubt that it was because Mr. Knoblock appreciated its absurdity, that he and Mr. Priestley, who collaborated with him in this new edition, were able to fabricate so excellent a version. The task of making a play from their material was, luckily, so manifestly not merely formidable but utterly impracticable, that they can never for a single moment have felt tempted by it. There were only two alternatives to be considered. They might leave the story of the Good Companions within the covers of the printed book; or they might arrange a new edition, very considerably abbreviated, and illustrated, not with drawings, but with actors, actresses and scenery.

Abbreviation was inevitable. The ordinary play is very much shorter than the ordinary novel; and 'The Good Companions' is an exceptionally, even terrifically, long novel. Indeed, though I started reading it a year and more ago, I have not yet, even nearly, finished it. I am therefore unable to attempt the formidable task of analysing the abbreviation. I have, however, the assurance of two independent witnesses that, although they had never read one single word of Mr. Priestley's story in its printed form, they found this acted version, not only entertaining, but perfectly coherent and intelligible.

The casting of the leading parts was a matter of supreme importance. The management was bound to assume that the great majority of those who would come to His Majesty's to see the "play" would have read, at any rate, some portion of the novel, and would therefore expect to find the characters embodied in accordance with whatever vague conceptions they had formed about them. Doubtless these conceptions would be different with every reader; but on the other hand, in the case of characters as boldly drawn as Mr. Priestley's, it was likely that

these various conceptions would have certain essential qualities in common, and that if only the "right" impersonators could be found, they would complete the pictures which the words had merely sketched. Well, the cast is an enormous one, and again I must content myself with a generalization. In almost every case the actor or actress selected is consistent with my own conception. Mr. Edward Chapman as the (surely immortal?) Jess Oakroyd, Mr. Gielgud as the "feeble" Inigo, and Miss Edith Sharpe as the adventurous Miss Trant, are all of them embodiments of Mr. Priestley's characters—as I, at least, had vaguely preconceived them. The "trouper," too, were as hearty, feckless and embarrassing in their private life, and, as entertainers, as incompetent and blissfully unconscious of their own incompetence, as the novel had persuaded me to think of them. There were two impersonations that, to my mind, were superlatively good, and in each the impersonator was Mr. Alexander Field. No two characters could be essentially more different—physically, temperamentally and linguistically—than Joby Jackson, the robust, unmitigated Cockney, and Mr. Pitzner, the Hebraically courteous agent; yet Mr. Field was able to assume, without one flaw, and yet without one feature common to the twain, these two contrasted personalities. Miss Margaret Yarde was very nearly as successful in her "doubling" of the democratic Mrs. Moulder and the wealthy Lady Partlit. There were many other excellent impersonations—the Sam Oglethorpe of Mr. Pettingell, for instance, and Miss Seacombe's Ethel Georgia; and though I fancy Mr. Lawrence Bascomb was miscast as Morton Mitcham, so that he had to act, rather than to be, that prince of "laddies," he undoubtedly acted him with skill as well as the requisite emphasis. So far as what is ordinarily understood by "acting" is concerned, there were three brief moments which insist on recognition. One was Mr. Edwin Ellis's delivery of Jimmy Nunn's pathetic little speech at the dinner which inaugurated *The Good Companions*; the second, Mr. Oglethorpe's embarrassed offer of a temporary loan to Mr. Oakroyd; and the third Miss Adele Dixon's beautifully sincere emotion in the little scene when Fate was too unkind even for that fearless optimist, Miss Susie Dean.

The production, by Mr. Wylie, is on the whole excellent, and the settings designed by Mr. Laurence Irving are commendable, not only for their faithful reproduction of the scenes in Mr. Priestley's novel, but even more for their ingenuity. They allow the sixteen scenes to follow on each other's heels without a pause—except, of course, the halfway interval. The greatest triumph from the point of view of spectacle (and for this Mr. Wylie and Mr. Irving are entitled to an equal credit) is an entirely superfluous scene—market-day at Ribsden. The crowds and the stalls and their loud-voiced vendors create a veritable pandemonium; yet the picture is never so chaotic or undisciplined as to lose its value as a work of art. I commend this new *de luxe* edition of 'The Good Companions'.

'The Crime at Blossoms' has been moved to the Playhouse, and I recommend it as an interesting and entertaining satire on a phase of contemporary English life for which a section of the Press is largely, if not entirely, responsible—the commercial exploitation of a "murder mystery." The play is finely acted by Miss Joyce Bland and Mr. Colin Clive, and admirably produced by Mr. Whatmore. Replacing it at the Embassy (Swiss Cottage) is an unsophisticated, but amusing, and entirely "wholesome" farce called 'Daddy's Gone A-Hunting.' It has exactly one joke, with which the author, Mr. Lane Crauford, has somehow managed to be entertaining for three acts; and exactly one material character, which is played by Mr. Andre van Gysegheem, with regard to whom I take this opportunity of saying that in my opinion he is far and away the most brilliant "unknown" actor on the London stage.

30 May 1931

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

THE CASE AGAINST DISESTABLISHMENT

SIR,—Mr. Hogg's brilliant article on 'The Case Against Disestablishment,' in your issue of last week, goes straight to the vital point of a particularly thorny problem. His conclusions are the culmination of a line of thought that even the most broadminded advocates of disestablishment seem unwilling to pursue.

I believe the article to represent the inarticulate expression of the huge, but voiceless, majority of those baptized Englishmen who have not "contracted out" from the State Church and so, by their failure to perform this positive act, must still be regarded as members of it.

"Voiceless" should not be considered synonymous with useless or careless. The undemonstrative Englishman in a cynical age is unwilling to ally himself too definitely with any religious organization. At the same time he believes very definitely that the Church of England has a particular part to play in the preservation of the moral and spiritual life of the nation as a whole. Just in so far as it becomes "secty," caring more for doctrine than practice, will it cease to have influence. Rightly or wrongly, the tendency is to regard disestablishment (with consequent disendowment) as a certain step in this direction.

Mr. Hogg is to be congratulated on bringing the whole weight of his judicious and analytical mind to a problem obscured more than most by intuitive and dogmatic prejudice. He shows not only that the supporters of disestablishment must be prepared to accept all that this implies; but also that the guardianship of the Church of England is with the nation, not the clerics. Parliament—the acknowledged embodiment of the national will—therefore has a right of control over the Church superior to that of Convocation.

I am, etc.,

St. John's College, ERNEST W. HARRISON
Oxford

THE GOLD PROBLEM

SIR,—The public owes a debt of gratitude to Sir Henri Deterding for his recently published article in the daily Press on the obsession of gold and the attitude adopted by banks and financiers, for he reveals a state of affairs of which the ordinary man has been, for some years, acutely conscious, but which he has been powerless adequately to express, much less to remedy.

The formation of a great Money Trust by means of bank amalgamations has been, among other evils, one of the main causes of unemployment.

A "corner" has been created in money, the oil which should keep the industrial machine moving, and the cornerers of British money have not been averse from supplying our trade rivals abroad with the means of competing with us for the purpose of obtaining higher rates of interest for themselves. This may be good finance, but it is poor business for the British trader and industrialist.

To any criticism on this point the reply invariably given is "That is banking," as if the mystic word banking ensured the morality of any action taken by the Money Trust, who now seem to regard themselves as the industrial machine itself.

Sir Henri visualizes the effect of another war or a money crisis and, in that event, anticipates a general rush to convert credit or currency into, among other things, so-called Real Estate. Can it be that the banks themselves are already providing against that

contingency by erecting those gilded and marble palaces for the accommodation of their ever-increasing and redundant branches?

The man in the street is asking with whose money and for whose benefit this building activity is entered upon and to what use these palaces could be put in the event of the banks having to realize their Real Estate.

Another point to which Sir Henri draws attention is the unjustifiable margin maintained by the banking fraternity. A deposit account is allowed to-day a mere one per cent.; whereas an overdraft is charged with a minimum of five per cent. Who decides these rates? The banks arbitrarily, among themselves!

To descend from Olympian Heights of high finance to Mother Earth. I, for instance, am charged by a certain branch of one of the Big Five a certain sum per annum for the management of my humble account "because I do not work it sufficiently."

My wife, who keeps her household account at another branch of the same bank, is charged so much per page of ledger "because she works it continuously." Can anyone arrive at what it is that the bank really wants one to do?

One begins to think that we might be better, and certainly not worse, off under State-owned or Government-controlled banks.

For obvious reasons and through fear of the thunderbolts of the gods in revenge for my remarks, I enclose my card, by sign myself,

EARTHWORM

DO MONGRELS MAKE THE BEST MEN?

SIR,—I should like to ask Prof. E. W. Macbride by what reasoning he arrives at the conclusion that "to a third race belong the Spanish, Portuguese, Southern Italians and the Greeks." This is surely the first time that the Greek race has been linked with the other three nationalities mentioned, and the statement rivals that of Fallmerayer about the inhabitants of modern Greece not having "one drop of Greek blood in their veins."

In the next sentence Prof. Macbride says: "A race, then, consists of a group of mankind distinguished from other groups by having certain physical and mental characteristics in common." We all know this, but where does Prof. Macbride see any points of similarity between Greeks and Spanish, Portuguese and Southern Italians, save in those features which are common to all mankind, or that all four peoples are "Mediterranean people," though perhaps not in the cultural sense?

There is no people so distinctive in its racial characteristics as the Greeks—not even the Jews. The Hellenic race is marked by a hundred and one mental characteristics, apart from physical qualities which are as sharply pronounced, but Prof. Macbride's imagination would have to be stretched considerably to name half a dozen Greek characteristics that appear to be shared by the other three races in the supposed group.

In short, Sir, Prof. Macbride has shown that he knows little or nothing of the Greek people, whatever he may know of Spanish, Portuguese, or Southern Italians (some of the latter conceivably may be descendants of Greek colonists, but these may be ruled out). I cannot think for a moment that any student would take him seriously.

I am, etc.,

Leeds THOS. L. ANTHEM

SIR,—Professor Macbride was no doubt a little reckless in his application of the word Saxon to all the Germanic-Scandinavian tribes, but when he first used the word as a generic term he put it in inverted commas and thereby warned us not to take it too literally. Mr. Hales suggests the use of the word "Gothic," but surely that is even wider of the mark; and as for the history at the back of it, what was

the history of the Goths before they left their northern home? They were probably a mixed people when they came in contact with the Roman Empire, and a mongrel horde, even if under Germanic leadership when they invaded Italy. However, we know what Mr. Hales means, as we knew what Professor Macbride meant, and there is no harm done. But when Mr. Hales complains of the use of the word Saxon as applied to the Southern English, and tells us that the word was forced on them by Celto-Roman writers, he is difficult to follow. Is it questioned that Wessex, Sussex, Essex and Middlesex mean what they say? Is it suggested that they are the invention of Celto-Roman writers? And if East Anglia, Mercia and Northumbria were Angle settlements, what better name can be found for the whole people than Anglo-Saxon, even though little Jutish Kent be squeezed out of the title? As for the Northmen, called in this country "Danes," they were not on the move till long after the "Anglo-Saxon" conquest of Britain. Again, what authority has Mr. Hales for claiming that the Saxons whom Charlemagne converted were the ancestors of the Saxons of modern Germany, generally admitted to be a Vandal-Wendish people? Surely Charlemagne's Saxons were the continental kinsmen of the Saxons who migrated, and their home the ancient Duchy of Saxony, which, under the Ottos, so nearly made Germany a nation. The old Duchy and the new electorate or kingdom have nothing in common but the name of Saxony.

If exception has to be taken to Professor Macbride's arresting article, we might begin with his title, which begs the question. How are we to say if mongrels are or are not the best men, when all the men we know historically have been mongrels? Does anyone believe that Homer's Achæans were pure Aryan-speaking Nordics? We know the Scandinavian hero was sometimes small and dark. The classic Greek was an undoubted mongrel. Socrates was no Nordic. The antique Roman probably had a strong strain of Danubian peasant in his pedigree. But Professor Macbride's racial explanation of the decline of Greece and Rome is nevertheless sound, and his distrust of any further dilution of Nordic strains in the modern world not ill-founded. It may be that the meek will inherit the earth, but there are many who will agree with the Professor that that inheritance will be lamentable.

I am, etc.,
NORDIC-MONGREL

BILL STUMPS, HIS MARK

SIR,—A reviewer in your issue of May 23 declares that "Marly's sketch on learned antiquaries . . . must have given Dickens the idea for the great antiquarian discovery which once thrilled the Pickwickians."

It is unlikely that Dickens was familiar with this source. There is a more obvious one in Scott's novel, 'The Antiquary.' In Chapter 4 Mr. Oldbuck found a stone inscribed "A. D. D. L." This he made into "Agricola Dicavit Libens Lubens," but the annoying Edie Ochiltree identified the inscription as "Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle," cut for a joke twenty years before at auld Aiken Drum's bridal.

Dickens's connexion with Scott is clear. He married the daughter of George Hogarth, who came into Scott's circle as the brother of Mrs. James Ballantyne. His books supply other reminiscences of Scott. Thus Jingle says, "Accidents will happen—best regulated families," taking the phrase from the remark by Charles II to the Countess of Derby in the last chapter of 'Peveril of the Peak.' 'Rob Roy' includes two Wellerisms and supplied Mr. Micawber (temporarily solvent) with the sentiment, "My foot is on my native heath and my name is—Micawber!"

I am, etc.,
Royal Societies Club,
St. James's Street, S.W.1
VERNON RENDALL

THE HUNDRED BEST BOOKS

SIR,—If Competition XX, the results of which were published last week, was serious and what it purported to be, how could the prize have been rightly awarded to a competitor who included a work by Wodehouse before, say, 'Kim,' 'The Day's Work,' or 'The Just So Stories' by Kipling; 'Joseph Vance' by William de Morgan; 'The Master of Ballantrae' by Stevenson; 'Far from the Madding Crowd' by Hardy; or an opera by Gilbert?

I appreciate Wodehouse's humour as much as most people, but surely 'The Inimitable Jeeves' is not a "Best Book" compared with those mentioned above.

I am, etc.,
T. W. SNOW

Windermere

[The judge in this Competition did not suggest that any list was an ideal list; nor could he amend lists submitted by competitors, or remould them nearer to his own, or Mr. Snow's, heart's desire.—ED. S.R.]

DANIEL DEFOE

SIR,—Sir John Marriott, in an interesting article on Daniel Defoe, in the May issue of *The Cornhill Magazine*, states: "Before he was twenty Defoe (for he was as much alive to the importance of nomenclature as Jowett) abandoned the idea of the ministry, assumed the prefix *De* and embarked on journalism."

When I was a boy I read 'Robinson Crusoe' for the first time in a French translation, and since then I have read quite a score of biographical notices of Daniel in French dictionaries, volumes on literature, and periodical publications. All the French writers claim Daniel to be of French Huguenot origin, and I never came across a single instance in which his right to the prefix *De* was contested. As an example, this is how his name—Foë (Dan de) appears in the "Biographie Portative Universelle" (Paris, Garnier Frères, 1851).

During my youthful days I stayed for more than three months in the village of Bachant, close to the Belgian frontier, and a near neighbour of mine was an old French gentleman, Baron de Foë. We met each other almost every day, and the Baron often entertained me with interesting reminiscences of the de Foë family. He said Daniel's direct ancestor was a native of La Rochelle, and he sailed for England within a week after the St. Bartholomew's Day massacre. The last Protestant of his (the Baron's) branch of the family was a protégé of Madame Le Maintenon (the morganatic wife of Louis XIV, and herself formerly a Protestant), and it was she who induced him to become a Catholic on the understanding that he would be found a suitable position in the King's Household. All the branches of the de Foë family had the patent of nobility since the reign of Francis I.

It is quite probable that Daniel's great-grandfather or grandfather dropped the prefix *De* (this was done at the time by many other French settlers in England) so as to appear more English and for commercial and political reasons, but this does not alter the fact that the author of 'Robinson Crusoe' had a perfect right to bring about the restoration of the real surname of his noble family.

I am, etc.,
ANDREW DE TENNANT
Brixton Hill, S.W.

Correspondents are asked to type or to write their letters on one side only of the paper. Very heavy pressure on space compels us also to request that they keep their letters as short as possible.

NEW NOVELS

BY H. C. HARWOOD

A Certain Man. By Oliver Onions. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.*Friends and Relations.* By Elizabeth Bowen. Constable. 7s. 6d.*Beans Spilt in Spain.* By Jan Gordon. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.*The Eliza Books.* By Barry Pain. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.*And Then Silence.* By Milton M. Propper. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.*The Mystery of Huntings End.* By M. G. Eberhart. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

AN old hand at the supernatural is Mr. Onions, and very well he carries us in 'A Certain Man' through the various stages of the ordinary, the surprising, the queer, the inexplicable and the definitely otherworldly. What the coat was that the stranger gave to Christopher Darley remains to the end mysterious, but wearing it he, worried, middle-aged business man, felt himself come all over in a warm glow of sympathy with his fellow humans. The radiant power of the garment diminished, but that was because he was absorbing into himself his loving kindliness, until the coat is just an old skin and Christopher abandons advertising for Egyptology. Whether that represents a real spiritual advance, I do not know enough about Egyptologists to decide, but knowing something about advertising men, I am prepared to take Mr. Onions's word for it.

Nevertheless, the machinery of 'A Certain Man' seems far too complicated for its output. If the laws of nature are to be ripped to shreds, if from far Tibetan mountains unusual powers are to come, and if John Citizen—Christopher Darley—is to grow to superhuman stature, Strube's little man no longer, but prophet, near Messiah, one expects rather more than Mr. Onions has to narrate. Christopher's daughter, after an expensive education, decided to serve in a flower shop on the chance of picking up a rich husband. Christopher's son, sent down from Merton for sheer high spirits, became a waiter, supplementing his earnings in ways that if but mildly dishonourable were uniformly degrading. These things the normal Christopher would not have liked, but the god-intoxicated Christopher found bold and lovable. Now that is doubly unfair, to Tibetan magic, which for all we know discriminates between the sinner and the sin, and to the youngest generation of whom no more decent representative is offered than Nicky and Jill. The persons in a parable should be types. In Mr. Onions's parable the persons are waste products of this civilization, and—the slang and mannerisms changed—of every other. Recognized as such, they would be just tolerable, but I strongly suspect that Mr. Onions thinks them representative of to-day. He is always writing books to apologize, and very sweetly too, for his juniors being cads and bounders. May I suggest to him that the contemporaries of Jill and Nicky would be far less tolerant? And, the vast majority of them, quite unlike his mannerly wastrels?

But that is beside the point. 'A Certain Man' is an interesting, if irritating story, and contains several passages that only Mr. Onions could write, and he is in his best form. As anything more than a mere fiction, it fails.

The almost too delicate art of Miss Bowen is finely exercised on people like playing cards, flat, unchangeable and manufactured to be dealt and shuffled. No hungry generations tread them down; the blood in their veins (if any, which I doubt) knows no tide; and the seven of hearts, the nine of diamonds change

not their colour, nor add nor lose a pip in more than a decade of play. Janet loved Edward in chapter one. Marriage to another, maternity, the passage of years have no effect on her feelings. She loves on, and in just the way she did as a girl. Edward is equally fixed as a resentful self-pitying and self-hurting gentleman. That ghastly ruin of passion Elfrida, mellows not. And Theodora at twenty-five is Theodora at fifteen, no longer a schoolgirl, it is true, but behaving as if she were.

The subtlety of Miss Bowen's intellect and the simple graces of her style receive the applause they deserve, but this should not blind us to the fact that she shows little or nothing of the creative imagination without which the novel must perish. Henri de Regnier founded a series called "Le Roman Littéraire," and an embittered critic remarked after reading two or three that was just what these young fellows' books were like.

To his novels Mr. Jan Gordon brings the good humour and whimsicality and shrewd observation that make his travel jottings the unique and joyous things they are. The plot of 'Beans Spilt in Spain' does not matter a peseta. Its author takes a long time to start it up, and, I suspect, was himself bored by it before the end, in which he will have his readers' sympathies. But the dead city of Alamera, whither the vagrant artist, Lionel, is brought by chance is constantly amusing. Lionel may be sketching portraits for clients who commiserate with him on his lack of a camera, or may bolt with the daughter of the Alcalde; he may be at the inn or at the less comfortable but scarcely less friendly prison; always he sees with a clean eye whatever there is to be seen. Now that Spain is on the main news page, this adroit and impartial picture of what is least changed in an ancient civilization should be welcome. I find myself reading what Our Own Correspondent in Madrid has to say with redoubled interest, and wonder what Alamera has made of the revolution.

Someone to whom I lent 'The Eliza Books' complained that the humour dated. The same objection might be made with even greater force to the 'Pickwick Papers,' and yet that extravaganza has its public still. Not that I expect so long a life for Eliza. Barry Pain combined with an extraordinary neatness of phrase a "recognition" of character. He never created a person who could swagger out of his pages into our hearts and memories, but he sounded quite as deeply as his purposes required the lovable absurdity of not uncommon types. Nor can he startle us into loud merriment. He seeks and wins a conspiratorial smile. If, however, you can bear in the detail reminders of a vanished Edwardian era, when chief clerks wore frock coats, and motors were uncommon and the radio unknown, you should make or renew the acquaintance of Eliza and husband. But, however you be tempted, do not swallow the omnibus at one gulp. These sketches were not intended for so summary a consumption. Two or three at bedtime is my prescription.

In Mr. Milton M. Propper Messrs. Faber and Faber have discovered an American rival to our native masters of really hard scientific brain-belabouring detective fiction, and his latest book is his best. It is perfectly joined together and he plays quite fair. If the criminals in 'And Then Silence' show an alertness and a cunning unknown in the annals of actual crime, that must be taken as part of the necessary convention, nowadays, when complexity must be doubly complicated if a fresh combination is to be found.

'The Mystery of Huntings End,' also American, is less strenuously intellectual. Our attention is diverted from a weak and unconvincing series of crimes by the thick atmosphere of horror and the pleasant, not incongruous, humour. A house-party, one of whom is a murderer, are isolated by snow in a remote shooting-box, which has been closed for some years, since the last murder, in fact. Then things begin to happen.

REVIEWS

BULOW AND HIS BULLY

Prince Bülow and the Kaiser. By Spectator.
Translated by Oakley Williams. Thornton
Butterworth. 12s. 6d.

[SECOND NOTICE]

EVERY dish is the better for its sauce and Bülow's all too one-sided Memoirs will be better relished with this volume as an amusing antidote. An anonymous and very candid friend has illuminated the Bülow Chancellorship from the archives of the Foreign Office, and from documents which were never intended to meet the human eye for hundreds of years. Bülow's despatches to the Kaiser make the keenest and most amusing check on his Memoirs. They give a delicious impression as though the books were opened upon the Judgment Day. The value of such revelations lies in the cards which are now placed in the hands of the League of Nations, upholders of sane diplomacy and of those who are determined not to let the world be fired again by hysterical bullies.

Bülow, of course, wrote to the Kaiser, as he thought, under such a seal as exists between Confessor and penitent. Though he always adopted the cringing tone of a penitent, he sometimes endeavoured to wheedle the Kaiser into a voluntary white sheet, especially after the Tweedmouth letter. The letters on both sides are really the letters of tight-rope artists. The grim and amazing thing is that the peace of Europe depended on this pair and that the fate of millions of the dead and of almost everybody who is living to-day was settled directly or indirectly during the Bülow Chancellorship.

Here are some of Bülow's secret admissions:

"A common front of the three great monarchies will probably be enough to make the disarmament idea innocuous."

"Universal conscription renders nations pacific."

"As regards England, everything depends on getting over the next few years with patience and lickspittle!"

As for his public statements, "they are often only frank when they are cryptic." In 1905 he makes the delightful admission that "Thereby at my instigation an impression was conveyed to the German nation that is in direct contradiction to the facts of the case." To compose party squabbles at home Bülow was quite willing to falsify the facts as regards the bellicose attitude of England. When Bismarck laid about with a club Bülow was content to accomplish the pirouetting of a sword-dancer. Our anonymous author describes him as a "master of iridescent masquerade." In spite of these rapier slits through the bolstered Memoirs, he insists with every possible emphasis that Bülow would have certainly averted the world's war. He enjoyed saving hairbreadth situations at the last moment. "If you go," said the sinister Holstein, "war will become inevitable." The result of the consciousness of his power to bind and loose was that he steadily drew tangles which a clumsier hand like Bethmann-Hollweg's failed to unravel. Men who are too brilliant when in office leave a dangerous aftermath to stupidity. This is a new and important point in the psychology of Diplomacy, as our author concludes: "A master such as he could contrive to evade every war, and yet it was bound to lead to war as soon as any other essayed to follow it."

Bülow's relations with the Kaiser were inspired by his own advice to his attachés to eat black porridge with the Spartans and wear flowing robes with the Persians. When he ate with the Kaiser he ladled flattery out of the bucket like butter. "I know that the creation of the German Navy is the task which history

has set your Majesty," was a dangerous little compliment. When necessary Bülow felt "several weeks of torturing anxiety for my Emperor and master," and even the gift of a comic postcard (we hope not obscene) produced an effusion of gratitude from the Chancellor: "It is going to be neatly framed and will stand on my writing table." The Kaiser had a better intellect and lacked the strength to carry through views which he saw were right. It was the Imperial character, which was corroded by the miasma of flattery. The Kaiser's return for Bülow's mouth-worship was more valuable, as he wrote: "I always remember you in my morning and evening prayer."

The sublime plum in the book is the correspondence with Bülow after the Kaiser, taking advantage of the Russian defeats in the East, had sprung a secret alliance on the simple Czar. Wonderful is the Imperial letter of July 25, 1905: "The Kaiser was convinced that he had brought about a Russo-Gallo-German alliance and that England was at last left in the lurch. God ordained it and willed it in defiance of all human wit, in scorn of all human action. What Russia arrogantly refused last winter and endeavoured in its passion for intrigue to turn to our undoing, it has been glad to accept now abased under the terrible stern humbling hand of the Lord with gratitude as a great boon." The two Emperors joined in common hatred of the "mischief-maker," King Edward the Seventh. The Czar even brought down his fist to promise that Edward should never get "a little agreement" from him. The whole scene reads like a cinema scenario, when the Kaiser presented the susceptible Czar with the Treaty and reported: "He read the text once, twice, three times. I breathed a silent prayer to God that He might be with us now and guide the young ruler right. It was still as death. . . High overhead the Imperial standard fluttered in the morning breeze. I was just spelling the letters *Gott mit uns* when I heard the Czar's voice at my side saying, 'That is quite excellent. I quite agree.' My heart was beating so loudly that I could hear its beat. I pulled myself together and said quite casually, 'Should you like to sign it? It would be a nice souvenir of our entrevue.'" So with tears the two Emperors signed and the Kaiser was convinced that he had released the Fatherland "from the hideous pincers of Gallo-Russia." They sent out for witnesses and Admiral Birileff, an old seadog, was summoned from the bridge. So is history not made.

The Kaiser went on to envisage an English declaration of war. "We must invade Belgium at once, whatever declaration it may make." And if France were to mobilize for England's sake: "I have a notion that the prospect of ravishing and plundering in fair Gaul would appeal to the Russians enough to allure them."

By August 11 Bülow fell back from these dizzy prospects and his lord and master was writing to him: "I imagined I had worked for you and done something of rather special service. Then you send me a few cool lines and your resignation"! The Kaiser announced nervous prostration and recalled to Bülow that he had staked his imperial life amid mobs of Spanish anarchists on the success of Bülow's Moroccan policy. He recalled Bülow's fit of hysterical weeping at the time, and finally threatened that the receipt of Bülow's resignation "would fail to find the Emperor alive. Think of my poor wife and children"! If he had added a clause appealing for pity for Little Willie, the whole letter could not more resemble a comic parody of the Kaiser's style in *Punch*.

Witte was informed of the Treaty by the Kaiser himself and burst into tears. The question was how France was to be given delicate diplomatic hints until "Gaul would gradually come to realize that it was more in its interests to attach itself to a strong coalition than to go on pursuing an ephemeral entente cordiale with England." The Kaiser was convinced that the two mischief-makers were Fisher and

Chamberlain, and, to counter their malefic advice, Wernher Beit was properly taken in hand and stuffed by Ballin "as Beit has the *petites entrées* to His Majesty" of England.

The key of the Kaiser's policy was to divert France into an eventual alliance. "But I could not go on putting up with the principle on which the French had hitherto been acting, their arm for the Russians, their hand for the English and a nod for the Germans. I was now asking for their hand, or better still their arm." Wonderfully well Bülow weighs chances of war with England. Although determined to avert it in his own time, he always made the point that it was a question of marking time. And ever he looked round and weighed up possible allies or neutrals. "It is possible to influence the Sultan by his pusillanimity. Prince Ferdinand by his vanity." The account of the dismissal of Holstein and the fainting fit so brilliantly assumed by Bülow in the Reichstag has to be read to be believed. Surely this was high artistry applied to politics. The student can only observe that this fainting fit subverted the removal of Holstein without prejudice to their pleasant personal relations. But the tragedy and destruction of Philip Eulenburg remains like a mysterious blot on Bülow's career. This Eulenburg had made him Chancellor. They were as David and Jonathan. "As sister spirits our souls once rose from the mysterious bourne of all being . . . How glorious was our Saturday evening. Never as long as I live will it fade from my memory. May the everlasting power, that guides you, sustain you, my Philip." Nevertheless the same pen was to sign the order for Philip's arrest. And he could so easily have made Eulenburg stay abroad. Having wiped out Holstein and Eulenburg, was Bülow practising to reduce the power of the Kaiser? Was the Kaiser to be reduced to the condition into which the Shoguns reduced the Mikado? The amazing interview which the Kaiser gave to be published in the *Daily Telegraph* lies at the root of this. Bülow denied that he had even read the Kaiser's impetuous advances to England, in which he claimed to have saved England during the Boer War. The wail of anti-English Germany was enough to melt stone. Did Bülow let the interview pass on the chance that he could hobble the Kaiser? It led to his own fall and to Bethmann-Hollweg, who was described as Bülow's revenge, but Bülow's revenge or failure led to the Great War. This book gives the fiercest lightning flash ever thrown on the pre-war intrigues. Will anything be left for the Day of Judgment?

SHANE LESLIE

A MASTER-PRATTLER

The Scandal and Credulities of John Aubrey.
Edited by John Collier. Davies. 8s. 6d.

THE name of John Aubrey, who spent his life (1626-97) losing by litigation the estate that he had inherited, is much more familiar than the jumble of biographical gossip for which he is gratefully recalled, and it was an inspiration to select from his writings the passages of pith and savour so that we might have, in a handy compass and combed of their irrelevancies, the essence of his compilations and thereby the heart of the engaging man himself. Aubrey had Boswell's passion for vivid detail, but this passion embraced all mankind. There was no method, no selection, no persistence, and he would not have turned from the pursuits of an antiquarian to those of the gossipy biographer if his supercilious friend Anthony à Wood had not invoked Aubrey's aid in the prosecution of his own researches. For his interest in human nature rather than for the information that he gleaned, Aubrey has his honoured niche

in the gallery of English biographers. A complete transcript of his 'Brief Lives of Contemporaries' was edited by the Rev. Andrew Clark for the Clarendon Press in 1898, and even this omitted the naughty anecdotes, for Aubrey, whose curiosity knew no reserves, when sending his notes to Wood, remarked (in a perfect cadence) that they contained "the naked and plaine truth, which is here exposed so bare that the very pudenda are not covered." In other words, Aubrey had the biographer's instinct in his blood, and this instinct has secured his fame in the absence even of all the humdrum qualities that should accompany his practice. Even when he was sketching his own life, Aubrey was childishly inconsequent. He needed precisely such an editor as he has now found in Mr. John Collier. He gives us fifty-eight short lives, roughly in chronological order, and his principle has been to omit nothing that is delightful.

It may seem odd that one who must be the despair of the student seeking information should yet be, as it were, the guardian spirit of biography, an art that has never flourished in this country despite one or two immortal works. The truth is, as Mr. Collier well puts it, that there is as much Life as biography in his jumble of anecdotes, and the prose prattles as pleasantly as a country rill. The content raises huge expectations: Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Sir Walter Raleigh, Bacon, Milton, and a crowd of the like illustrious names jostle one another in his index. The information about them is always inconsequent and often trivial, but it is nearly first-hand and would probably have perished had not the good busybody jotted it down. On the other hand the anecdotes are often revealing, and like vivid thumbnail sketches bring the subject into a moment's life. It is pleasant to hear that Shakespeare, the butcher's son (as he is styled here), when "he exercised his father's trade" and "killed a calf, would do it in a high style and make a speech"; for though Shakespeare, the anti-sportsman, may never have killed a calf even in his youth, a young poet on such an occasion would certainly make a speech (if he stayed to witness it). The Aubrey touch illumines many such anecdotes. What could be more delightful than this criticism of Lancelot Andrewes's sermons that Aubrey quotes from a certain Scottish lord:

He had not that smooth way of oratory as now. It was a shrewd and severe animadversion of a Scottish Lord who . . . said that he was learned, but he did play with his Text as a Jack-an-apes does who takes up a thing and tosses and plays with it, and then takes up another and plays a little with it. Here's a pretty thing, and there's a pretty thing!

On the next page, in a Life occupying no more than a paragraph, we read of an apprentice who was lured into her cellar by his late master's wife and how he took her at her word and went one better. The little tale has a twist of humour in it, but we remember it from Aubrey's final comment: "This story will last perhaps as long as Bristol is a City." The tale of Raleigh introducing tobacco into England is enriched by the account of how tobacco was first smoked: "One pipe was handed round from man to man about the table. They had first silver pipes, the ordinary sort made use of a Walnut and a Straw." Homely verses that were the cry of their day stud the pages like wild flowers, and a sort of golden innocence must have been in the man who collected them. He himself must have been a very popular person. He had met everybody and had made many friends, and, when all his fortune had gone up in the fires of litigation, it was his friends who stood by him and gave him a room in their own houses.

From this book, which I am ready to take upon trust as the cream of his disordered pages, Aubrey will rise from a name into a companionable author. All

who care to rub shoulders with their fellows will enjoy it, and, because its faults are so glaring and so little likely to be copied in our statistical time, it should be prized by every student of biography. To have an eye for character, an ear for the revealing anecdote, was Aubrey's great distinction. Had he only pursued his authorities, instead of being content with whatever he might hear at a chance meeting, he would have been a treasury indeed. On the other hand, he was free from the vulgar prejudice that only famous people are worth study. If people would only record all they hear that interests themselves, none of us would be short of materials for a masterpiece. Yet records inspired by human (as opposed to snobbish) curiosity are few, and so wise men have often said that the hominid's virtues of application and industry are much rarer than the possession of brains. Aubrey wrote of all indifferently. He had the curiosity of a saint.

OSBERT BURDETT

RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS

The Reality of God and Religion and Agnosticism.
By Baron Von Hügel. Dent. 15s.

THE late Baron Von Hügel exercised a great influence on the religious thought of England for some years before his death. His friendliness had a marked effect upon that section of the Anglican clergy which is particularly sensitive to Roman Catholic opinion. And here was a scholar of that Faith both kind and gracious. His works on 'Eternal Life' and 'The Mystical Element of Religion' are sure to remain classics of historical theology. In many of his other writings he was constrained to pay a great deal of attention to what may turn out to have been rather transitory features of contemporary British theology.

The foremost of our self-appointed mentors has told us that the thick air of our island does not breed theologians, and Von Hügel felt bound to write something to counteract the strong Patristicism—"only half a heresy," as a Scottish Divine said, in present-day Anglo-Saxon theology. There is no doubt that the practical demands made upon theology by the war—at least in Anglo-Saxon countries—put too heavy a strain upon wholly coherent thinking, and so, not merely was the idea of the suffering God strongly emphasized by British preachers, but the great Padreprophet produced by the Church in the Furnace, seized a poet's licence and proclaimed full-blooded tritheism:

See the wounded God go walking down the world's
eternal way,
For His task is never done.

Such statements do not, of course, rule out the Father and the Holy Spirit, but they over-simplify the doctrine of the Trinity. There was a gospel in this, but Von Hügel saw the intellectual inadequacy of it, from the orthodox point of view, and while the strict neo-scholastic conception of God can hardly survive the criticism contained in Dr. W. R. Matthews's latest book on 'God,' yet it is right that the thought of Christians should be directed to the paradox of their conception of God, which seems to teach that God is fighting desperately to win a battle which He has already won decisively. And it is a great merit of Von Hügel's that he never shirked the actual problem of evil.

The present volume contains two parts—the first consisting of what should have been the Gifford lectures of 1924-25, and 1925-26, unhappily never delivered. The thought is deep, honest, and unusually lucid, and the spirit one of utter humility. "The deeper we get into any reality, the more numerous will be the questions we cannot answer." . . . "This book is not intended to be a demonstration of God. It is simply intended to show to those who believe in Him, or who long to do so, how striking is the affinity between the

habits of mind which man in the long run is obliged to cultivate, and our belief in God." The reality of evil is not overlooked, but the possibility of its transfiguration is upheld. Perhaps here Von Hügel and the Patristians are on safe, and—who shall say?—common ground.

The second part of the book contains an unfinished work, under the heading of 'Religion and Agnosticism'—which is a study of the religious opinions and writings of Sir Alfred Lyall, with a special consideration of euhemerism. The only regret can be that there is no more of it.

S. TETLEY

DIPLOMATISTS AT PLAY

The Diplomatist. By Jules Cambon. Translated by Christopher R. Turner. Allan. 7s. 6d.

A MAN of the age, eminence and experience of Jules Cambon is entitled to be taken seriously. He served his country with fidelity and distinction during nearly sixty years. He rose to ambassadorial rank a whole generation ago and held three embassies, including the key post of Berlin, which he filled at the outbreak of the war. He is a signatory to the Treaty of Versailles. He has since been head of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. And he is a Member of the French Academy.

Making full allowance for the growing practice of issuing snippets of prose and verse at exorbitant prices merely on the name of the writer, a book of 144 pages at 7s. 6d. must be supposed to have some remarkable quality of mental or literary distinction other than the author's name. The wrapper tells us that this one is recommended to the "earnest consideration of the aspiring diplomatist, the politician and the statesman." Now the cream of the wisdom of Jules Cambon might well be worth more. But is this book the cream of his wisdom? Or can it be that M. Cambon thinks the aspiring diplomatists, politicians and statesmen of to-day are such irredeemable fools that all but the most elementary of his thoughts would be wasted on such unpromising ground? One hesitates to subscribe to so unflattering an hypothesis except to account for such sententiæ as the following:

"Every nation has customs, prejudices and sentiments that are peculiar to itself."

"There is nothing more deplorable in a man than lack of common sense."

Do our aspiring diplomatists, politicians and statesmen really need to be told? One could understand it better in a text book for the junior school or even, perhaps, the Lower Third. However, let us write down these maxims humbly, and, though they may not be exactly new, let their long service to mankind entitle them to our respect.

But what of the following?

"Patience is an equally indispensable quality to the would-be successful negotiator. The wind is bound to be contrary at times." Quite seriously, you observe! As though someone had been maintaining that the wind was always fair and that patience counted for nothing. Which of us in the day-to-day conduct of his own trivial affairs does not try to govern himself by these wholesome platitudes? There is worse to come.

"Last of all," observes M. Cambon sagely, "a negotiator must observe discretion." "Last of all," as Captain Shaw might have said, "a fireman must use a hose." "Last of all," as an aspiring diplomatist might reasonably murmur, "an aphorism ought not to degenerate into a truism." It is really as though M. Cambon imagined that we all thought a negotiator ought to trumpet and plunge through his business like a terrified elephant in the jungle.

Not all is on the same level.

"An ambassador must know when to keep out of the limelight" is sensible, though a little obvious. "An ambassador who confines himself to playing the part of a postman is a positive danger to his government." Sensible, too, and a little less obvious. "What really distinguishes the diplomatist from the common herd is his apparent indifference to their emotions." Neither obvious, nor, unfortunately, very sensible; and, if it has any meaning, completely contradicted by "People do not realize the harm done by insincerity." The best thing in the book is a quotation from Choiseul: "Real subtlety consists in telling the truth, sometimes forcibly but always gracefully."

The value of a guide to diplomats necessarily depends on the views of the author as to the functions of diplomacy. M. Cambon's views are based on two propositions of highly doubtful validity. They are set out below:

"Foreign policy is not a matter of sentiment: its object is to shape events in conformity with the laws which govern national destiny." This sounds exactly what the object of foreign policy ought not to be. The only right way to shape events, in so far as they are capable of being shaped, is in accordance with the laws of humanity and justice. Foreign policy is thus very much a matter of sentiment. M. Cambon's way is the discredited way of *Welt politik* of which the world has had more than enough.

His second statement is the basis of the first:

"National interests never change: for they are determined by nature, geography and the character of a nation."

Now this is one of those flashy epigrammatic generalizations that are nearly always false and frequently absurd. Nature is constantly changing or being changed, as where irrigation turns a desert into fertility; geography is constantly modified by science (witness the Panama Canal) and by improved transport. As for the "character of a nation," that is a phrase the meaning of which depends almost wholly on the point of view of the individual who uses it. The truth is that national interests, like all products of organic life, change with the growth of new conditions. Elsewhere M. Cambon adopts the familiar cynicism that human nature never changes. Candidly, such shallowness is not looked for from the academic!

These criticisms are not to say that the book is unreadable or devoid of merit. It is well written and the touches of reminiscence, too few, are charming. There are one or two good anecdotes, a first-class character comparison between Metternich and Talleyrand, shrewd observations on the consular service and an interesting chapter on ceremonial. The remarks on the League of Nations are sound and moderate—the idea, though, was not Wilson's; it originated with Sir Edward Grey. But one may be allowed to question the complacency with which the world is invited "to face the fact that the League of Nations will be split up into parties." Groups of nations may work unofficially together in the League; but on the day when the League splits into parties it will split into fragments.

Mr. Turner's translation has the rare quality of seeming to be the original language. Why, however, in a book published in 1931 are we told that Sir William Tyrrell is the present Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office? He has been Ambassador in Paris for two years, and, if the author could not be reached to amend his essay, the English reading public was entitled to a translator's footnote correcting the mistake.

REGINALD BERKELEY

Readers who have any difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate direct with the Publisher, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

FIVE TRAVEL BOOKS

Trackers and Smugglers in the Deserts of Egypt.

By Col. André von Dumreicher. Methuen. 15s.

Red Dust. By Donald Black. Cape. 10s. 6d.

We Indians. By Big Chief White Horse Eagle. Thornton Butterworth. 10s. 6d.

Turi's Book of Lappland. By Johan Turi. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Jungle Ways. By W. B. Seabrook. Harrap. 10s. 6d.

WE survey this load of travel books and find with relief that only two deal with Africa, for the desire to write is not the least of the humours bred in the Dark Continent.

The Egyptian Coastguard Administration had to cover an immense tract of completely open country, through which highly skilled smugglers ran cargoes of contraband of all descriptions, hashish, tobacco, salt, unauthorized pilgrims. To counter this a Camel Corps was formed, officered by enterprising young Europeans and manned by skilled desert trackers, several small cruisers and launches were acquired, and forts and bases constructed. The officers had to learn the habits, language, and mentality of the desert tribes, and the practice of diplomacy was no small part of their work: the Force attained a high state of efficiency, and successfully met a highly organized trade with its own weapons.

The morality of the Bedouin is strange to Western ideas. Punishment as a deterrent for crime means nothing to him, he must have compensation: a life for a life, or its equivalent value in camels. Thus, in the Libyan Desert, 1 man equals 100 camels (£350), and 1 woman, 50 camels: but in Nadj women are scarce

Westminster Bank Leaflets

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and equal 2 men, valued in terms of Arab thoroughbreds. Accordingly, in Nadj, women are fairly safe, for few nomads wish to saddle themselves with this liability for repayment, either in terms of a blood feud or of blood stock.

'Red Dust' might have been a better book if Mr. Black had not modelled himself on some recent "War books." Like them he has embarked on the present tense, and has not wholly escaped the snare of it: for as well as its grammatical pitfalls, it entices him to display Machiavellian wisdom in statecraft and strategy after the event. The epic deeds of the Australian cavalry in Palestine are worthy of an imperishable record, and to some degree 'Red Dust' recaptures the spirit of the struggle: Mr. Black has first-hand knowledge and keen observation; where he has failed is when he has allowed himself to drift into introspections and speculations in other subjects. The naïveté of his views on Imperial Relations, brothels, and Christian Evidences would be engaging if it were not boring. In the matter of press notices he is entirely inaccurate, for it was notorious that the Australians and the Highlanders were the troops who had least cause for complaint of lack of publicity: and if, in 1917-18, Mr. Black found an officers' mess where the majority of its members had been selected on account of "birth and influence," his experience must surely be unique.

But considerable latitude must be allowed to old soldiers for grouching, and these flaws should not blind us to the value of this record of one of the greatest feats of arms in history. Mr. Black takes us with him into the toil, the sweat, the fear, the gnawing hunger and thirst, and the ever-penetrating dust. There were few sadder results of the war than the fate of the horses of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force. Their miserable end wrung the hearts of their human comrades: in telling of the parting with "Blackbird," who gallantly took him all through the campaign and was afterwards condemned to slaughter, Mr. Black rises to the full measure of his powers.

The United States Government has little cause for pride in the record of its dealings with the Red Indians. With a few exceptions—as William Penn and the New England Quakers—the tale is a weary list of broken treaties and dishonoured bonds. Reservation after reservation has been filched from the Indians, as metals and oil have been found in their territories. In telling the story of the successive betrayals and of the virtual extermination of his people, Big Chief White Horse Eagle displays great dignity and astonishing restraint. Only occasionally does he permit himself biting comment on "so-called civilization," and such asides as, "Abraham Lincoln, a lawyer by profession, but a splendid character," and "the word of the Pale-Faces, I must tell you, was like the wind and had no value." When this Chief (who has eighty-nine scalps on his belt) comes to the fact that Indians were only granted free American citizenship in 1924, and the Indian Bureau, he lets himself go. He gives much information about the old Indian life and history, and of the training of a chief: but we have some doubt about his friends—"Buffalo Bill" hardly strikes us as a Great White Chief.

'Turi's Book of Lappland' is an encyclopædic compilation. So detailed an account has an attraction in small doses, in deep draughts the effect wears off. Johan Turi has minute instructions to give us on the management of reindeer, of Lapp camps, of child-birth and the upbringing of the young, and also, at the other end of the scale, some hints on dying. His suggestions are practical: "If he is half dead and cannot die, then you must put a pot over his head, and then he will quickly die." This we can readily believe, and the procedure should be filed for future reference.

Mr. Seabrook writes a book as a matter of routine subsequent to his travels. The weakness of his work is that as an amateur he investigates the habits of

negroes—particularly in sexual intercourse—which should be the province of a scientific expert. Mr. Seabrook is enterprising in the fields he explores, and sensational in his manner of presentation. In a former book he gained much by very striking and decorative illustrations: in this book numerous photographs are grouped together at the end.

J. S. COLTART

PILSUDSKI

Joseph Pilsudski. The Memoirs of a Polish Revolutionary and Soldier. Translated and edited by D. R. Gillie. Faber and Faber. 21s.

WHETHER in or out of actual office, Marshal Pilsudski has been the controlling influence in Poland for more than twelve years. Sometimes an official dictator and sometimes Prime Minister or Minister of War, he refused the Presidency to which he was elected in May, 1926. But he has carried on a war with Russia, he has made and unmade governments and he has stood for that stability which is especially necessary under post-war conditions. Today the Marshal is perhaps more than ever the power behind the throne in a country which occupies a unique position, for if Poland ranks after the five Great Powers, her size and importance place her distinctly and incontestably before any other European State.

Pilsudski's past and present power depends upon at least three distinct things, which are admirably described or at least suggested in the book at present under review. They are his well-known patriotism

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and devotion to the Polish cause before the war, his leadership of the Polish Legions from August, 1914, until September, 1916, and his strength of character and integrity. The Memoirs cover his career from the beginning, they show the difficulties encountered by Polish propaganda and publicity, especially in the pre-war Russian Empire, and they outline the measures taken to overcome those difficulties. Later on we are told the reasons for which the Polish Legionaries fought for the Central Powers, not in order to further the Austro-German cause, but as the supposed best means of securing Polish independence or semi-independence. Finally, though relatively little space is given to this, we are enlightened about the developments which have occurred in Poland since the Armistice.

The book has three outstanding merits. It is admirably translated by Mr. Gillie, who probably knows his subject better than any other Englishman. Further, and in the form of a series of notes which are really chapters, that authority outlines the recent history of Poland and supplies a great deal of historical and descriptive matter. Thereby he makes the main part of the text comprehensible to the average student. Finally the Marshal himself, who is now 63 years of age, wrote the book not after he had become famous but at different times during his career—times clearly indicated in the text. Thus the reader can easily visualize the feelings of the young man, he can appreciate what it was to be in a Russian or a German prison, and he cannot help being convinced that whether he happens to be playing the part of a revolutionary, a soldier or a ruler, Pilsudski is really a very great man.

H. CHARLES WOODS

BYGONE PRISONERS OF WAR

The Diary of Peter Bussell. Davies. 10s. 6d.

IT is a relief, after the late plethora of ruthless war literature, to turn to a quiet narrative of captivity in France between 1806 and 1814. Human documents gain rather than lose in humanity by lapse of years; the original audience is forgotten, and the voice takes on a strange emphasis. Peter Bussell, part-owner of the *Dove*, seems to have written these memoirs, in their present shape, towards the end of his life, and to have provided the illustrations then; that of his sloop's capture by the French privateer (the *Marryat*-like episode from which his troubles start) is dated 1847, three years before his death, aged 76. He appears, or wishes his children and readers to regard him as, a sober rather sententious person, for whom life is a series of lessons in the unexpected. He has a wife and two children at the commencement of his *Odyssey*; in November, 1809, he learns that she has received no letter from him, though he sent many, for nearly two years; and in the following October comes news of her death: when he returns to Weymouth, after his eight years' bondage, the children do not know him.

The picture is one of weary marches from depot to depot, with a brief halt at noon, and sleep in a fetid town gaol, a farm, or (like Tom Saunders) an old church; and there are the two long stationary intervals at Arras and Besançon. Little sunlight breaks through; the account of the kindly Touchard couple, a few pages from the end, strikes a note hardly found elsewhere:

"Eat hearty," says the benevolent old man; "Take another glass of wine, take some bread and apples in your sacks," says the motherly woman. We was prisoners of war, but were we their children they could not do more.

Official letters are introduced, and Peter describes local events, such as guillotinings, and the beating of a French soldier, who "roared out like a town bull," with a nailed shoe. He is most precise as to the

"transparencies" exhibited on Napoleon's second marriage and the birth of the King of Rome. A dry humour, born of discomfort, peeps out here and there:

To-day (being Sunday) the Commandant at the Muster at noon examined the ranks of the prisoners in the Citadel and marked the ragged for cloathing. Only observe the cunningness of our old Commandant! "Ah," thinks he, "the prisoners will have on their best cloathing on a Sunday."

Evident tension is relaxed when "Old Snuffy," or "Yellow Breeches" (the Commandant enjoys both designations) is superseded. Nor are the descriptions of "Irish Nelly" and "Yorkshire Kate" devoid of vitality. Nature goes unappreciated; but the vignette of the one small oak in the Citadel of Arras, which, on May 29, 1807, "was soon stripped of its leaves, and represented a scene similar to Winter," is unconsciously poetical.

Peter Bussell affords an interesting contrast to Edward Boys, whose narrative of "captivity and adventures" in France and Flanders, between 1803 and 1809, was published in 1827, and should be reprinted. Boys was midshipman of the *Phæbe*, and the insolent audacity of the type pervades the thrills of his escape from Valenciennes. Peter never had Edward's unpleasant experience at Tierville, when a gendarme "tied my elbows behind me, then slipping a noose round my bare neck, triced me up to the holsters of his saddle, remounted, and returned with his prize to town . . . every now and then tightening the cord, so as to keep me trotting upon the very extremity of the toes, to obtain relief." Peter, aged 32, with a wife and two children constantly in his thoughts, was not the sort to invite additional penalties by "placing a bust of the adored Buonaparte head downwards in a vessel which was no ornament to a mantlepiece, nor

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usually found there." Almost from the moment of the *Phæbe's* encounter with the French frigate *Edward* Boy's mind is running on escape, and he is not happy till he has found three midshipmen of his own views. The horrors of Bitch, the fate of recaptured fugitives, loom equally in both accounts; but they did not deter the younger man, to whom, at the instant of undermining the gate in the ravelin of Valenciennes, "the recollection of the barbarous murders at Bitch, on a similar occasion, presented itself." There is nothing, not even the march to Arras, in 'Peter Bussell,' as good as Boy's section on Madame Derikre, of the "Cat," between Bruges and Blankenberg, who abetted the mids at the end of their desperate break-away; but the lonely part-owner of the *Dove* will find lovers among the generation to whom war is a reality.

Mr. Turner has presented his great-grandfather's narrative discreetly, and his eighteen concluding pages of notes are as worth reading as the text.

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It lives ev || en like Love, || its deep heart || is full,
corresponds metrically to

A Sens || itive Plant || in a gar || den grew;

It appears that this poem was printed in the 'Prometheus Unbound' volume of 1820, and was followed by four poetical publications before its author's death. Were it posthumous, or incomplete, there might (prosody defied) be a shred of excuse for such a slight on a great poet.

Occasionally a happier, though obvious, note is struck; as when the dreamy chillness of 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci' is traced to the rhyming of but two lines in the stanza and to the two feet of the fourth; or the epigram on Wordsworth, "his freedom was of belief, more than of outline or texture." But the lover of English poetry, whether intelligent or simple, does not need to be told of "the strange goat-footed female endings" in Keats's 'Hymn to Pan,' or, if he has read his Saintsbury, to have the line lengths of 'Kubla Khan' counted over to him.

THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS NEW SERIES—XXXIV

A. Hidden words and cryptograms, at one time the delight of the poets, have fallen somewhat into disuetude. As a mental exercise, however, they have their uses; the SATURDAY REVIEW therefore offers a First Prize of Three Guineas, and a Second Prize of Two Guineas, for a sonnet of fourteen lines, each of which contains one of the letters in the words SATURDAY REVIEW. Our title may read straight downwards as the first letter of each line, or the second, or the last letter of each line; or it may be the first letter of the first line, the second letter of the second line, the third of the third line and so on.

Competitors are advised to enclose their name and address in a sealed envelope; and all entries must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found on the last page of this or any issue.

This competition closes on Monday, June 29, and it is hoped to announce the result in August.

RESULT OF COMPETITION XXIA JUDGE'S REPORT

During the week-end in which I tried to judge the merits of the entries in this competition, Spain, in the midst of her revolution, drew with the Irish Free State at soccer in Barcelona, and England beat Monaco at lawn tennis. There is a moral to this, but I am not going to attempt to draw it. At the same time I expected entrants to lay a little more stress upon the beneficial aspect of sport in the development of national character. There was, however, a certain unanimity in the conclusions to which most of the competitors came. The majority thought sport in moderation to be good for body and mind, but

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30 May 1931

deplored the excessive emphasis which people and newspapers tended to place upon it to-day. J. H. Rider, W. G. and N. B. all put the case against sport cogently, and Old Trident, Pro-Sport and Vedra argued equally forcibly on its behalf. I was also interested by Sascha's entry from Vienna, the view-point of a foreigner, other competitors may be interested to know, being in favour of sport; but the case in all its aspects was put best, I think, by Bluebird and Redoubtable, and I recommend them accordingly for the first and second prizes.

FIRST PRIZE

"God made the country and man made the town." The rapid migration of the country folk into the town has completely changed old values in the sporting world, as in other phases of life lived in modern times. Whether the swift progress of the hour is for the ultimate good of the race, history alone will decide.

The good old days, productive of sport in the life of the villages, had its limitations and its critics; but, for the most part, the healthy instincts which caused these activities were beneficial to all classes of the community, promoting a comradeship unequalled in these days of big business, and breaking down all barriers of class-consciousness. Now that villages have become metamorphosed into towns and towns into cities, "the old order changeth, yielding place to new."

The present craze for sport among an urbanized population is indicative of the inherent passion of the people for physical prowess and sporting activity. Disraeli once stated that there were two things in which England stood unrivalled—sport and politics. Certainly our political tangle remains unchallenged by any other democratic government; our sporting supremacy has been challenged in many quarters.

Thanks to the priceless boon of the Daylight Saving Bill, town dwellers and office workers are offered every available facility for playing in the parks and open spaces throughout the land. Even the slum-dwellers may avail themselves of healthy recreation at the nearest sports ground, provided by a generous municipal response to the needs of the day.

Manual workers do not require additional exercise at the close of a day's labour, their bodies demand rest for health; but sedentary occupations, in which the majority of people are engaged in a mechanical age, demand out-of-door activity, if a healthily balanced body is to be preserved. Sluggish livers and consequent bad tempers are the penalties civilized man has to pay for modern progress, and a dose of fresh air, combined with an energetic game, will prove of more permanent value to mind and body than many bottles of physic from the panel doctor. "A healthy mind in a healthy body" should be the aim of all who desire to live the fullest possible life. The two effects are interdependent, though no rigid rule can be made with regard to the place of sport in individual lives. Some sedentary workers thrive upon less than the minimum of exercise while others engaged in active pursuits quickly suffer without the maximum amount. Therefore it cannot be claimed that sport is essential to the health of all, though the majority benefit by it. With the stress and strain of modern life, sport should be the antidote for neurasthenics, pessimists and politicians, for both personal and national problems may be shelved for a while, on the golf course or the football field. Change is the very essence of modernity, and it is a far, far better thing for the town-dweller to re-create his physical and mental powers in outdoor pastimes that make for happiness, than to spend his leisure in badly ventilated buildings, listening to worthless entertainments and inhaling the germs that will produce his next illness.

The physique of the children in towns is made or marred by their youthful training in sport. It is essen-

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tial that they should be taught to become healthy, as well as educated citizens, endued with the team spirit that is the best promoter of goodwill and peace among men. Much has been done in this direction among the children of the poor, but the work is sadly handicapped through lack of playing fields.

Yet there is a danger that in the exercise of sporting instincts, the unwary may easily over-balance the human machine. Brawn versus brains may become a handicap to the individual and a serious menace to the life of the community. A nation dedicated solely to the worship of the god of Sport is a decadent nation, since it ignores the spiritual and intellectual values upon which the greatest things in life are based. It is no more commendable to "live to play" than to "live to eat." The practice should be reversed in both instances, if the aid of the physician is to be unnecessary. Excess of any kind is indefensible, since it exacts its own retribution, and the doctrine of moderation needs to be preached to-day concerning sport, if the youth of this generation are to acquire the attributes of successful manhood. Those who are the unfortunate victims of the degrading "dole" show a marked tendency to make sport, instead of work, the be-all and end-all of their lives. They can scarcely be blamed for this attitude, to which a Socialist Government meekly panders, without any immediate hope of redress. A little dose of Thomas Carlyle's gospel of work might prove beneficial to governing and governed. Even those who are fortunate in securing and retaining permanent occupations, have a habit of keeping one eye upon the clock while at work. The modern fashion among employees in office or business premises is to carry their sport equipment with them in readiness for the evening, and this scarcely helps them to concentrate upon the present duty, much to the annoyance of the employer. In the case of the middle-aged, a more serious physical danger presents itself. Since it has become fashionable for everyone to indulge in some sport, the man and woman in their early forty are liable to meet disaster, unless discretion rules. Many of them, having spent a youth of sedentary indulgence, suddenly become seized with a mania for the popular and most strenuous pastimes in vogue at the moment. This maximum expenditure of energy, so late in life, brings its fatal result of heart failure. Common sense must dictate the kind of sport in which men indulge, since the physique of each individual differs, and few can claim a place in the "A" class.

Athletics, practised as an art, as by the Greeks of olden time, may perfect the human body in combination with the growth of the intellect, but the spasmodic training that is the best an industrial State can offer, amid a multitude of other interests, promises little in the way of bodily perfection. The modern tendency never to go afoot when it is possible to go awheel, does not tend to increase the sporting type in a climate that is unique for its variability. Therefore, wise consideration of the subject will suggest to the thinker that sport must be relegated to its intended place in the life of the nation—a relaxation of mind in activities of the body, and not the acquirement of muscle and sinew at the expense of brain and nervous system.

Yet, as a nation, the British love of sport has become proverbial throughout the world, and other nations have eagerly striven to emulate them in their pastimes and adapt them to their own environment.

The oft-repeated, and generally accepted truth, that the English victory at the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, can never be gainsaid; for, in the British love of sport, as manifested in the public schools and universities of the land, lies the foundation of national greatness—the British sense of fair play, the high adventure of the game, the unswerving loyalty to the team, the discipline of the leader and the grim determination at all costs to play the game, win or lose. These virtues that spring from a sporting instinct have become embedded in

the life-blood of the nation. It has undoubtedly produced a finer type of physique and a higher sense of honour among the rising generation of youth, and the generally accepted word of an Englishman abroad may be largely attributed to his conduct as a sportsman on the football ground or cricket field at home. The national love of sport has inspired poets and writers during the centuries. It has fostered an internationalism otherwise impossible, because of the British reluctance to acquire foreign languages. During moments of crisis during the greatest war in history, the British love of sport gave men courage to meet the horrors that faced them, because death was preferable, in their eyes, to not "playing the game."

The love of sport has manifested its influence in the common language of the people, and "to be a sport" is as desirable as "to be a gentleman," in the estimate of a modern public. In spite of all that may be advanced in its favour, however, conditions are rapidly changing in the sporting world; new conditions are arising which aim a fatal blow at its former prestige. The sporting instinct is as insistent as ever, possibly even more so, judging by the vast crowds that rush to witness the performances of sporting "stars" on every possible occasion. Many of them have never played a game in their lives, yet the thrill of witnessing various forms of sport provides them with a thousand emotions that quicken life in their sluggish blood. This is doubtless commendable, but the danger of modern sport deteriorating is very real in an age when money has become a god to be worshipped in a commercialized world, and even the field of play has not escaped the deadly virus that is eating into the very heart of the game. Not only is this evil prevalent among professional players; amateurs are becoming increasingly influenced by monetary values rather than the pure love of sporting instincts, for-

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getting that the zest of the game and the true test of its worth lies in the struggle, not the prize.

The vice of gambling, too, is on the increase, and there is a tendency to play or watch the game with an eye to "luck." Even the player's hands are not always clean in regard to these financial transactions, a deplorable fact in a modern State. The Press is not guiltless in the matter. The sensational and other newspapers and journals appeal to the man-in-the-street by means of racing and football coupons, inviting forecasts of unplayed games and offering tempting baits of good fortune. The competitors are apt to become more concerned with the fate of their forecast than the skill of the players, and thus the spirit of sport is lost. The Press unduly advertises sport and betting—twin brothers that have grown to enormous stature—and the exclusion of important news in the interests of the popular craze is a feature of the Press to-day. Thus the intelligence suffers at the expense of the net sales of the paper.

True, the average working-class reader seldom reads anything but the sporting page, knowing that the Press have pandered wholly to his tastes, instead of increasing the educative value of the journal, with its round of articles from the pens of tennis, football and other "stars" of the sporting world. All good things become evil when abused, and sport is no exception. It is a splendid slave, but a bad master, like all excesses. Rightly used, it is one of the most beneficial of life's blessings, but the modern notion of the Press to enthrone the god of Sport and ignore the gospel of Work is heading for national disaster. In an increasingly difficult and competitive world, it will be a sad day for this country if she shirks her moral responsibilities on the field of sport. The modern doctrine of reversing Jack's maxim of "All work and no play" will make him a still duller boy. The lesson needs to be driven home in the present age, before it is too late to recapture much of the old joy of the game, its spontaneous happiness and sheer love of play. Above all, in the interests of a highly civilized community, faced with tremendous problems vital to the individual, it must never be forgotten that the game on the field of sport is but a preparation for the greater game of Life.

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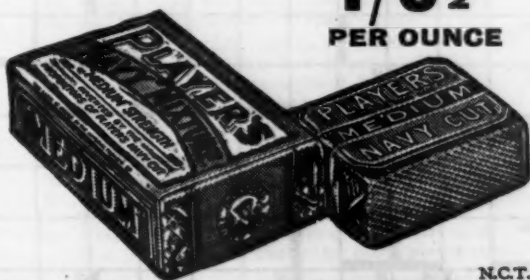
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CROSS WORD PUZZLE—NO. XXVIII

"HIDDEN QUOTATION"

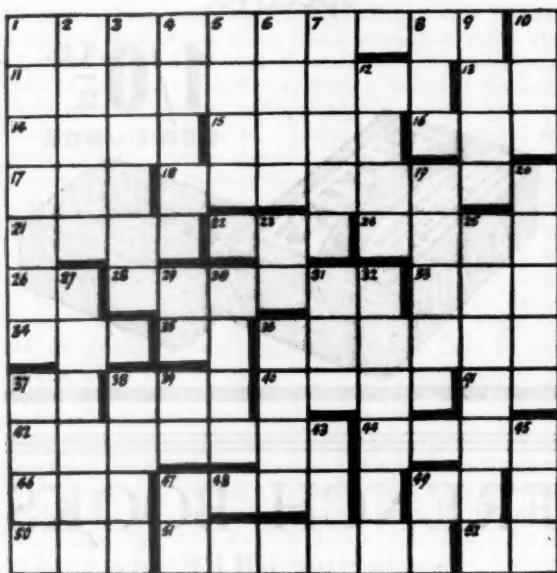
By MOPO

A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution; also the full name and correct postal address of the competitor.

Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, W.C.2.

The following numbers form a well-known quotation, viz.:

48d, 16, 5, 37d, 45, 28, 22, 49a,
47d, 43, 42, 39, 51, 43, 49a,
23, 16, 30, 7, 10a, 1d, 38d, 49a,
10d, 25, 36a.



QUOTATION AND REFERENCE

Across.

CLUES.

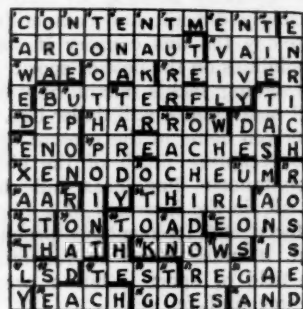
1. This beam supports the whole front of a building.
11. A plaguey science.
13. The Lord of Fontenaye's last word.
14. I come immediately above the hinge of a bivalve.
15. Thus was the census and end of Belshazzar's kingdom shown.
16. This crow is flying backward.
17. I present a bill for half the dried pods of an acacia.
18. Might not these glossaries have pleased Alice?—they have pictures in them!
21. A thing of little value, though it reads like a maxim.
22. Aberdonians don't often give anything away—they this it.
24. An inlayer of steel with gold is short of his fishy termination.
- 26 and 34. "Shall ——— in the round of time still father truth?"
28. This is what Aberdonians 22.
33. 2 came without his me "like a dried herring."
35. See 38a.
36. This is not 31 though it is an ingeniously devised article.
37. A little modern euphemism for a lodger.
38. Helped by an apostrophe this is favoured before 35 rev.
40. Form of cattish animal this is obsolete now.
41. Ten weeks ago next Wednesday.
42. Scotsman's idea of 49a.
44. Nombre du riviere de babil.

46. Short time that ought to earn three-quarter wages.
47. Lure.
50. Edinburgh society is not without direction.
51. These are not the same as 49a.
52. The heart of 51.

Down.

1. "Brooks of Sheffield" was born at this stone.
2. See 33a.
- 3 rev. I attended the wappenschaw clad in jack-boots and a steel cap, with disastrous results.
4. Blue and silver are the distinguishing colours of this salmon.
5. This is outstanding.
6. Shrubs of the bean family.
7. A penny would make me rich.
8. The babbling river that was hushed is here running uphill.
9. Grained sheepskin leather.
12. You will make me a dupe to scoff at.
19. Shivering.
20. The little saint attained his end in a leap.
25. A knavish speech sleeps in this sort of ear, says the prince.
27. "Give me my horse, you ———; give me my horse, and be hanged."
29. See 49a.
30. Take a fare to make me from.
31. Cat me for a positive!
32. Albert Dürer was the earliest, but Rembrandt was a greater.
36. A poet and a puritan were thus designated.
37. Magnifying strength reduced to one syllable by an apostrophe.
38. "It comes—the beautiful, the ———, the crown of all humanity,
In silence and alone to seek the elected one."
- 43 and 45. You make me boil!
49. I and my across are 29.

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. XXVII



QUOTATION.

The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes;
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad.

R. Kipling, 'Padgett, M.P.'

NOTES.

Across.

1. 'Othello,' III, 3.
14. R. K., 'Maxims of Hafiz.'
16. Tennyson, 'The Talking Oak.'
18. A. Noyes, 'Tramp Transferred.'
22. Deponé.
29. 'Soldier's Song' in 'Lady of the Lake.'
38. 'Piquet.'
40. Ken. Graham, 'Wind in the Willows.'
47. "Money makes the mare to go."
49. 'Old Mortality,' ch. 3.

Down.

- 2 and 3. H. Wolfe, 'Orange Cat.'
4. Anag.
5. Enact.
7. Turret, 'Quentin Durdward,' ch. 4.
21. Anag. of "dasyure."
27. Decad.
31. Koto(w).
32. Ulosis.
35. Gerald Gould, 'Wander Thirst.'
41. Anna = grace.
45. Wesand.
48. Sect.
51. Togs.
53. Gait.

RESULT OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. XXVII

The winner is Mr. Chas. Randolph Smith, 21 Russell Square, London, W.C.1, who has chosen for his prize 'Green Hell,' by Julian Duguid. (Cape.)

RESULT OF RHYMING CROSS WORD No. 1

We regret that, owing to inadvertence, the winner of Aftir's Crossword No. 1 was omitted last week. The name and address of the prizewinner was Mr. Richard Wilson, "Ascalon," Little Eaton, Derby, who has chosen 'Savage Messiah.' (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.)

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The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the acrostic appears.

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 478

Twelfth of our Thirty-fifth Quarter.

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, June 5)

SCOTCH BOROUGH—ABBEY, TOMB OF ROBERT BRUCE—
AND TOWN IN BUCKS WHERE BEECH-WOOD'S PUT TO USE;
THE FIRST A NAME FOR TABLE-LINEN BEARS,
THE SECOND MANUFACTURES WINDSOR-CHAIRS.

1. Reverse of godlike: evil is its heart.
2. From vis-à-vis of lion food dispart.
3. Such was the air that night at Elsinore.
4. Sole, flounder, plaice, and half-a-dozen more.
5. Curtail the source of mutton-chops and wool.
6. Stubborn, unruly, as a mountain-bull.
7. Hard to be seen by the unaided eye.
8. Once it was now, but years have since rolled by.
9. Of me full many in that bill you'll find.
10. Take all away—no mean one's left behind.
11. How sweet this cry in ears of her whose song
Was sung with diffidence to that great throng!

Solution of Acrostic No. 476

- | | | | | |
|----|--------------|-----------------|---|--------------------------------------|
| M | an-tra | P ¹ | 1 | Fifty or sixty years ago, "Man-traps |
| vi | | Ol ² | | and spring-guns constantly set" |
| L | ittle-g | O ³ | | was a notice often displayed in |
| F | estiva | L | | private grounds. |
| O | w | E | 2 | The immediate forerunner of the |
| R | osebus | H | | violin. It had from three to six |
| D | ogm | A | | strings, and was played by means |
| H | alf-seas-ove | R ⁴ | | of a bow. |
| ba | | By | 3 | A preliminary examination in Cam- |
| V | irag | O ⁵ | | bridge University. Everyone knows |
| E | nto | Urage | | the humorous poem beginning:— |
| N | ight-ja | R | | "At Trin. Coll. Cam., which means, |
| | | | | in proper spelling, Trinity College, |
| | | | | Cambridge." |
| | | | 4 | "Mountain-dew" means Whisky. |
| | | | 5 | Pope, 'Rape of the Lock,' Canto V, |
| | | | | 37. |

ACROSTIC No. 476.—The winner is Miss A. M. W. Maxwell, Seaton, King's Avenue, Parkstone, Dorset, who has selected as her prize 'Pacific Gold,' by H. de Vere Stacpoole, published by Collins and reviewed in our columns by H. C. Harwood on May 16. Eleven other competitors named this book, twenty-five chose 'The Inky Way,' seven 'Cooking Through the Centuries,' etc. etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Ali, Barberry, E. Barrett, Bimbo, Bobs, Bolo, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Bushey, Carlton, Miss Carter, C. C. J., D. L., Fossil, Gay, Glamis, T. Hartland, Miss E. Hearnden, Hetrians, Iago, Jeff, Lilian, Mrs. Lole, Madge, Martha, J. F. Maxwell, Met, George W. Miller, Mrs. Milne, M. I. R., Lady Mottram, Penelope, F. M. Petty, Rabbits, Rand, Shorwell, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E., Boote, Boskerris, Bertram R. Carter, J. Chambers, Clam, Maud Crowther, Reginald Eccles-Hope, J. Fincham, M. A. Marshall, G. Neal, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Shrub, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Stucco.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Miss Kelly. All others more.

Light 11 baffled 8 solvers; Light 4, 4; Light 7, 3; Lights 3, 5, 8 and 12, 2; Lights 1 and 10, 1.

MET.—You omitted Light 11 altogether and numbered Light 10 No. 11.

E. BARRETT.—Unless I am mistaken, an Armadillo has a pointed snout, but not a long one; a Tapir, on the other hand, has a snout so long that it might be called a short trunk.

OUR THIRTY-FIFTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the Tenth Round the leaders are: Tyro 2 points down; Carlton, 3; A. E., Met, N. O. Sellam, Sisyphus, St. Ives, 4; Ali, Clam, Fossil, Gay, Madge, Peter, Shorwell, 5; E. Barrett, Bobs, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Mrs. R. Brown, Miss Carter, 6.

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

IT is a notorious fact that the Stock Exchange indulges in extremes. It either enjoys an uncontrollable bout of super-optimism, during which it assists in the hoisting of share values to unjustifiable levels, or else it wallows in a slough of such despond that it is but inadequately described by the word "pessimism." Obviously, optimism was outrageously overdone in 1928. The problem that now faces us is whether the recent pessimism is also unjustified, and whether the Stock Exchange has assisted in the swinging of the pendulum too far in the downward direction. Opinions on this point differ. There are some who contend that falls have been overdone and that a large number of counters are standing at grossly undervalued levels: others take a contrary view. It is suggested that both are correct, the explanation of this anomaly being that, unquestionably, some counters are too depressed, while others do not appear attractive, even at their present reduced prices. When we start trying to ascertain which stocks and shares come under each class, then we are certainly faced with a difficult task.

The gilt-edged market is in a class by itself. It is being influenced at the moment by a large number of special factors, not the least important of which is the general lack of confidence in other directions, leaving it almost alone as a medium for investment not entailing anxiety.

There are some who believe oil shares to be undervalued. I do not share this opinion. I view with concern the present position of the oil industry. I feel that 1931 results will compare adversely with those of 1930. The natural corollary of this is that 1931 dividends will show a further falling off. In these circumstances, although market sentiment may lead to something in the nature of a revival in oil shares, personally, I do not place them in my first category.

Moving to railway stocks, whether they be those at home or abroad, fairly similar conditions rule. They are suffering from decreased traffic due to trade depression. The history of the world has shown us that trade depression moves in cycles, and once we move out of the present cycle railway counters will show some improvement. In these circumstances, it appears probable that purchasers of selected railway counters, whether they be those at home, in the United States, or in South America, will eventually enjoy capital appreciation, although, in the interval, they may see their holdings depreciate still lower.

As regards rubber and tin shares, these virtually constitute an indirect method of dealing in the commodities, inasmuch as the result of their operations is very largely dependent on the price at which they sell what they have produced.

Turning to the industrial market, here we have a mass of factors which make it impossible to treat them all as one class. It is felt that the recent setback in electric supply ordinary shares, caused by forced liquidation, has led to these counters standing unjustifiably low, and that they are well worth picking up at current levels. A similar opinion can be expressed as regards those companies specializing in food, or other essentials of the masses, apart from the luxury trades. As for tobacco companies, here it would seem that the

shares of the two great combines, Imperial Tobacco and British American Tobacco, are both unduly depressed. As regards textiles, the future trend of price of these must depend on one's views as to the outlook for this industry, which at the present moment one must admit is not at all encouraging.

Turning to gold-mining shares, as has been explained in the past in these notes, the really first-class South African gold-producing companies appear decidedly attractive at present levels for investment purposes, at all events for such a period until the merits or demerits of other classes of investments can be more clearly appreciated.

While it is hoped that we have seen the worst of the depressing conditions on the Stock Exchange, in view of the general uncertainty, anything in the nature of a general revival appears, not merely unlikely, but also unjustified for some months, and the best we can hope for is activity of a selective nature.

BRITISH ELECTRIC TRACTION

From the preliminary statement issued by the directors of the British Electric Traction Company for the year ended March 31 last one learns that the company has enjoyed another successful year, in that the net profits amounted to £271,005, which compares with £253,081 for the previous year. Holders of the deferred stock are to receive their usual cash dividend of 5 per cent., and, in addition, a bonus of 10 per cent. in fully paid £1 deferred ordinary shares, which is at the same rate as for the previous three years. The company's principal assets consist of investments, including a controlling interest in several electric supply, traction and road transport companies, and has a joint interest with Thomas Tillings in the Tilling and British Automobile Traction Company. This deferred stock appears a promising holding.

METROPOLITAN ELECTRIC

Owing to general conditions and the heavy liquidation which demoralized markets a week or so ago, the ordinary shares of electric supply companies, although they have shown some recovery from the lowest levels, are still obtainable at what are considered attractive levels. The attention of readers of these notes has frequently been drawn to this class of investment in the past, as they are believed to constitute a sound industrial holding. Particular attention is directed to the ordinary shares of the Metropolitan Electric Supply Company. Although the dividend at the present level does not show an over-generous yield, the company appears to possess good prospects of future capital appreciation.

INTERNATIONAL TEA STORES

When the report of the International Tea Company's Stores Limited for the year ended April 30 last is issued, it is expected to make a good showing. Last year shareholders received an interim dividend of 12 per cent. and a final dividend of 18 per cent. For the current financial year an interim dividend of 12 per cent. has been paid, the same as last year, despite the fact that in the interval the ordinary share capital was increased from £1,000,000 to £1,249,437. The management of this company is in very able hands, and it belongs to a class which is likely to feel the general depression less than the majority of other industrial counters.

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Company Meeting

NITRATE PRODUCERS' STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

The Annual General Meeting of the Nitrate Producers' Steamship Co., Ltd., was held on Thursday last at 20 Billiter Buildings, London, E.C.

Sir John Latta, Bt. (the Chairman), said that from his remarks at the last meeting shareholders would not have been surprised at the reduction in profits. Relative to obtaining conditions, the surplus was more than might have been expected. The accounts had been drawn as usual, and were self-explanatory, but he would be glad to give any further information desired.

Falling a marked improvement in freights, the results for the current year must be on a further reduced scale. The Company's tonnage had been intermittently idle, in fact, the largest steamer had been out of commission since July last. Before making a few general observations, he would like to mention that he had had insistent enquiries, both from shipowners and shipbuilders, as to whether the Company still found steamers as profitable as Diesels. In answering in the affirmative, he might add that they had had further proof in recent round voyages to Australia—outwards in ballast—which provided a good test. Of course, Diesels had a distinct advantage when trading where oil was cheap and coal expensive or of poor quality. While on the subject, he had been very sorry to notice that the Admiralty had finally decided not to adopt the simple process of converting naval vessels to burn coal during peace time. He hoped all experts were agreed as to the wisdom of this decision! In view of the distress in mining centres and of the large number of idle stokers, it would—pending the economic extraction of oil from coal—have reduced unemployment and have kept large sums in the country now paid to foreigners for oil. If in the circumscribed comparison he had given there was little or no monetary economy from oil expanded in the cylinders of Diesel vessels, its use under boilers must be immensely less economical. The advantages of oil fuel during warlike operations were overwhelming, but those in peace time were comparatively unimportant. The chief deterrent to coal was doubtless space, an objection that could be somewhat minimized by replenishing bunkers more frequently and in new ships by slightly increased dimensions.

Reverting to future prospects: it was impossible to exaggerate how lamentable the position of the private cargo shipowner had become. He was not only suffering from a periodical sequence of the flows and ebbs of trade, but was also being submerged by an accumulation of adverse circumstances, greatly accelerated by foreign countries maintaining merchant fleets under heavy subsidies. It had always been his conviction that if dividends were rigidly limited, and the whole of the surplus earnings, in good times and bad, put to reserve and judiciously administered, there were few more attractive commercial investments than that of a well managed steamship company. The abnormal, uneconomic conditions now obtaining, however, put that conservative opinion in danger. That was not without its anxiety, for this country's shippers and manufacturers, as they are vitally dependent upon the cheap freightage arising from the keen competition which had always obtained between tramp shipowners. When the present death struggle of the shipowners of the world for bare existence had passed, and normal conditions returned, it would be of paramount importance to the Empire that the volume and quality of their tonnage should not have declined. The central geographical position and equable climatic conditions which these islands enjoyed at the maritime gateway of the highly industrialized and thickly populated continental countries, who lived largely on and for foreign trade, gave them unrivalled international advantages. Thus favoured, and with their world pre-eminence in high all-round trading conditions, coupled with the great history which our artisans had created by excellence of workmanship, their future well-being remained with themselves. We are not, however, living up to our opportunities, or true to the great heritage left us by our industrious forefathers. It was the antithesis of commonsense that the thrifty and enterprising should indiscriminately be forced to support extravagant social experiments, as well as maintain thousands of able-bodied men and women in idleness.

A radical reorganization of labour methods was absolutely necessary before permanent recovery was possible.

His opinion was there could be no relief from our distress while our artisans, the finest in the world, were mere pawns in the trade union game. They must have intelligent direction, or be given their liberty. Whatever political party had the courage boldly to attack and release us from such strangulating disabilities in our efforts to create employment, would earn the nation's gratitude, the majority of trade union members themselves included. With that accomplished, although he was a strong opponent of protection, which we were told must come, the superiority of our craftsmanship, coupled with our great financial and trading adaptabilities would, he believed, enable us to recover and maintain our pre-eminence in spite of it. Moreover, it was possible that in the process the feud between free traders and protectionists might settle itself, and result in their uniting forces against the poisonous doctrines of Socialism—a factor of greater importance than was generally appreciated. The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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